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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

Christmas Number

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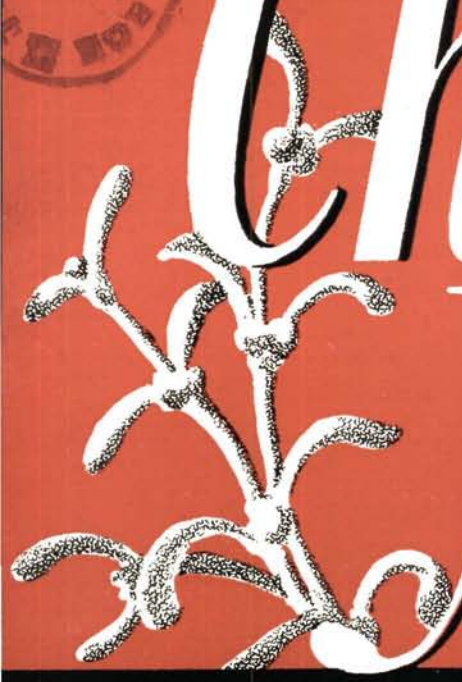

VOL. XVII NO. 6

DECEMBER 4, 1937

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Books For Christmas Stockings

And So—Victoria

By VAUGHAN WILKINS

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Jingle Bells

Notes on Christmas in American Literature

BY E. DOUGLAS BRANCH

CHRISTMAS seems to be a literary success. Next month's *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* will cite some 130 Christmas items in American magazines for November and December; the United States Catalog will add about twenty-eight Christmas book-titles to its awesome listing; and there will be happy smatterings of Christmas in uncounted places. Bookstores will have promised more copies of Audubon's "Birds" than they can deliver before the carol-day; they will be moving "The Night Before Christmas," the illustrated quarto of "Huckleberry Finn," and many another pearl.

The miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer dashed from lawn to roof of Professor Clement Moore's house on the night before Christmas, 1822. The Professor and mama, you remember, were in kerchief and cap for protection against the noxious night air ("Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash"). Christmas was, in those times when the Big Ditch was being dug from Albany to Buffalo and people were moving by wagon-train and keelboat toward the uncleared farmlands of the West, almost as private an affair as one's birthday. Christmas was observed by many families in most districts with some pleasantry other than devotional. But it didn't rate the newspapers, nor induce the merchant to change the ad-copy he wrote last September. When the Professor wrote about the stockings hung by the chimney and the jolly manners of the droll Saint, American Christmas belles lettres began (like Greek literature) with its epic.

A brief while earlier, Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., had described with rich nostalgia the Christmas festivities of Bracebridge Hall across the waters—the Christmas eve supper and dance; the carolings at morning, the devotional service; the merry-making of the peasantry. (Not in the Hall, to be sure. The Squire had once kept holiday open-house in the old style: "The country people, however, did not understand how to play their parts in the scene of hospitality; many uncouth circumstances occurred. . . . Since then, he had contented himself with inviting the decent part of the neighborhood peasantry to call at the Hall on Christmas day, and distributing beef, and bread, and ale, among the poor, that they might make merry in their own dwellings.") The genteel dilettante's love of pretty old ways, however, could hardly affect the manners of a people whose Squires were generally village justices of the peace.

ONE OF THE FIRST ILLUSTRATIONS, BY G. BOYD, FOR "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

Irving wrote of Christmas: "There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed enjoyment." But the American difficulty was, in New England, to blend a little conviviality with the devotional instinct; and, in the South, to blend some solemn and sacred feelings into the conviviality. Our social Christmas awaited the rise of the middle class, when effluvia from the family-cult, humanitarian impulses, and business principles were to unite in fragrance as Christmassy as the pungent odor of Balsam fir, "Time was"—the venerable Dickens was looking backward—"with most of us, when Christmas day encircled our little world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and made the little picture shining in our young eyes, complete." Dickens more than anyone helped to transplant the possibility of that social sweetness. In 1843, between the covers of American imprints as well as British, the happy Cratchits were rejoicing over "*such* a goose!" and the chestnuts on the fire were sputtering applause to Tiny Tim's "God bless us every one!" Caleb Plummer and the Blind Girl among the dolls, listening to the Cricket, and the others of Dickens's Christmas pieces, became in a sense naturalized items of our Christmas literature. Coincidentally gift-books and "embellished" annuals throve, the literary specials for the rising wave of holiday trade.

From life into literature . . . and, after the Civil War, the Christmas story became an abundant commodity. Regional writers liked the theme, in part because it wouldn't offend anybody; it had "color"; it was a useful *deus ex machina* to bring peace at the denouement of a troubled story.

James Lane Allen and Thomas Nelson Page were especially devoted to the affinity between Christmas and the Southland. I cherish Page's "How the Captain Made Christmas." The setting is strange—a

Next Week

POLITICIANS AS WRITERS
By FLETCHER PRATT

MODERN SPAIN AND LIBERALISM
By JOHN T. REID
Reviewed by Ernest Boyd

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railway train stalled in the Shenandoah Valley; and the Santa Claus is curious —the train conductor, mothering and bringing cheer to his involuntary flock. Flavorsome both of Christmas and the chivalry legend, the story reaches its most tasty moment when the conductor, presiding over a bowl of eggnog, makes his speech: that Christmas is not dependent on the fireplace, that it is in everyone's heart. "And, gentlemen, there are two toasts I always like to propose at this time, and which I will ask you to drink. The first is to my wife. And the second is, 'My friends: all mankind.'"

Of the Befo' th' Wah items, perhaps most amusing is Irwin Russell's long poem, "Christmas-Night in the Quarters."

When merry Christmas-day
is done,
And Christmas-night is just
begun,
While clouds in slow procession drift
To wish the moon-man
"Christmas gift"—

Come the darkies for carnival:

Some take the path with
shoes in hand,
To traverse muddy bottomland;
Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
Four on a mule, behold them
ride!

I doubt if there is better Negro dialect than in this saga of the holiday hoe-down. Even the patron Saint is affected when the jollity must end; and he exits with astonishing simplicity:

See Santa Claus departing—
grieving—
His own dear Land of Cotton
leaving. . . .
So, coughing down the rising
tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.

The Christmas theme's most celebrated excursion into the West is, rightly enough, Bret Harte's "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar." It had been raining in the Sacramento Valley for many days; cut off and inaccessible, smitten and threatened, Simpson's Bar was a location of ideal difficulty for Dick Bullen's ride. For a little boy is sick with "fevier, childblains, roomatiz, and biles"; and it is Christmas Eve: "Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrissmiss, and then she jist waded inter you. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrissmiss and gives things to chillern, —boys like me. Puts 'em in their butes! Thet's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to,—thet's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, didn't she, jest to aggrewate me and you?" Wherefore, one of the rough and ready pards who overhear the boy, Dick Bullen, races to Tuttleville twenty-odd miles away, where merchants will awake to fill a toy-pack. . . . "And so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, and unshorn, and with one arm dangling helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love."

The cultural lag of New England in this matter of Christmas cheer is a poignant thread in several of Mary Wilkins Freeman's stories. "Honorable Tommy," one of her best, poises Cora with her Christmas spoils—sled, fur muff, red cape, "a photograph album, and oranges, and candy . . . a new doll with real hair and a pink spangled dress, and a stereoscope with lots of pictures. Say, Tommy, don't you want to see the pictures through my stereoscope?" —against Tommy, whose people are of the older flint. From this pattern arises the practical joke, the stuffing of Tommy's stocking with kitchen-truck; and the effect of that betrayal of a child's trust upon the child and upon the family—a good, ennobling story. Three others of Mrs. Freeman's "A Stolen Christmas," "Christmas Jenny," and "A Church Mouse," are shaped by the wistfulness of aging women making their own little Christmases. To Hetty Fifield, living in the church belfry because there is no place else for her, comes apotheosis on Christmas morning: "A finer morning light than that which lit up the wintry earth seemed to shine over the furrows of her old face. 'I'm goin' to have turkey an' plum-puddin' today,' said she; 'It's Christmas.' Suddenly she started, and went into the meeting-house, straight up the gallery stairs. There in a clear space hung the bell-rope. Hetty grasped it. Never before had a Christmas bell been rung in this village; Hetty had probably never heard of Christmas bells. . . . Down in the village, curtains rolled up, letting in the morning light, happy faces looked out of the windows. Hetty had awakened the whole village to Christmas Day." Eugene Field, in "Joel's Talk with Santa Claus," recon-

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MARIE CURIE, IRÈNE CURIE, AND PUPILS FROM THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY CORPS, AT THE INSTITUTE OF RADIUM IN PARIS, 1919

Education of a Genius

MADAME CURIE. By Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by HANS ZINSSER

THIS is a moving book. And if it were not about Marie and Pierre Curie, if it were fiction and they imagined characters, it would still be a moving book which, at a guess, one would attribute to Turgeniev. The background of Russian Poland in the childhood chapters, struggles with poverty and bureaucracy; the family, the friends, the intelligence and tenderness of their relations, all this is Turgeniev material, and by affectionate simplicity of narrative Eve Curie has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of sympathetic intimacy with her characters which achieves an effect more like that of great fiction than of biography.

The same charm carries over into the description of the student days at the University of Paris, that great, hospitable, but cruelly impersonal mother of learning to which talent from all corners of Europe still finds its way—to rise or fail in utter freedom, on its own responsibility. Loneliness in cold attics, undernourishment, intellectual ardor, and political enthusiasm; an almost complete lack of supervision and a minimum of academic organization; call it wasteful and inefficient by our American standards of university government, intellectual regimentation, and student welfare. It is. But those who have known it will feel a nostalgic satisfaction in remembering that there still is such a place and that, essentially, it will probably never change.

The account of the work leading up to the discovery of radium can, no doubt, be accepted as accurate in detail since one may assume that in this Eve Curie has had the collaboration of her distinguished sister Irène and her husband Professor Jolliot. It is a thrilling and inspiring story, doubly so because it is entirely free from that second-rate tone of sensationalism that has become popular in much scientific biography.

Could Marie Curie have become what she did if a benevolent fate had not led her to Pierre? Probably not. He is the real hero of the book and of the discoveries which place her name and his in the permanent records of great achievement. Tender, deeply in love, and utterly self-effacing, he taught her, tended her maturing genius, and where the objective of their common labors was in sight her glory seemed more important to him than the goal itself. They loved each other and their work; and he loved her even more than the work.

MARIE AND PIERRE CURIE
With daughter Irène (1904)

This is a love story of the two who were great scientists but, at the same time, noble and highly civilized human beings. It is appropriate that a daughter should have written it so well and so tenderly. The translation, at first, seems, in places, awkward. But on studying it one realizes that the translator has been awkward with art and has caught the spirit of childlike and unsophisticated simplicity which was the essence of the lives of these two great and good people.

Hans Zinsser is the author of "Rats, Lice and History."

Second Bell-Ringer

SERENADE. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the theatre they call it "pace." Mr. Cain had phenomenal pace in his story "The Postman Always Rings Twice," and he demonstrates this gift again in "Serenade." And another thing. There is no use being too nice about the fact that what gives Mr. Cain's novels their intensely readable quality is their deliberate and even brutal sexual honesty. I once heard Joe Hergesheimer say that he would like to write a novel as compact and deadly as an automatic. He never brought it off. But Mr. Cain has —twice. "Serenade" is a highly exciting story about a down-and-out male singer, Jack Sharp, who marries a Mexican Indian woman; about his "come-back"; his downfall; and what ensued. It races along like a motorcycle.

Mr. Cain has an intense sense of the dramatic. But now you may imagine the book as all rapid-fire melodrama for the trade. It is far from that. Given the fact than an American like Sharp took up with a half-Indian like Juana, their relationship is made convincing throughout. I never felt that Juana was not in character. Sharp's rapid rise in the movies and radio is somewhat hokum, but necessary to the plot of the story. His domination by the homosexual, Winston, is the kind of case-history that we know occurs. His and Juana's different forms of revolt against it clinch the conflict of the novel and give it a climax of considerable impact. The possession of a great voice does not necessarily mean the possession of a great mind or of a fastidious body, and Sharp is very much animal. But the growth of passion into real love between him and Juana has its moving moments. Mr. Cain's novel does not eschew tenderness; and if the end is stark tragedy, there is in it nobility on both sides. The "little dumb *muchacha*" comes through. Captain Conners of the *Port of Cobh,* incidentally, is a sympathetically drawn minor character. There is humor in the description of Juana's family, and of the ways of movie and radio magnates; zest in the account of the supposedly "washed up" John Howard Sharp's triumphs over the latter; inside knowledge of the concert world, of Mexico, of Hollywood. I don't know how much Mr. Cain really knows about music, but he makes Jack Sharp *seem* to know a great deal. You feel that the man's not a "phoney." Mr. Cain is a real writer who can construct and tell an exciting story with dazzling swiftness—one of our hard-boiled novelists whose work has a fast rhythm that is art. You may not *like* "Serenade," but I defy you to lay it down!

See page 56 for biographical note on James M. Cain.

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Letter to Christopher Morley

THE TROJAN HORSE. By Christopher Morley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD WEEKS

DEAR Chris:—

It is, I believe, five years since your last novel. Thus I began my reading of "The Trojan Horse" wondering which of your multiple selves would hold the upper hand in this new book,—the eager missionary of "Parnassus on Wheels," the poetic narrator of "Thunder on the Left," the grammarian of "Bartlett," the producer of melodrama, the essayist of sentiment, the lecturer at large? In your prefatory letter to Frank Frazier, which should be a compulsory guide to every traveler to your Troy, you do what Shaw has done so skillfully for years: you first charm and then disarm your audience. So as I watched you transmit "one of the most affecting and honest and savage love stories ever told, into a modern wave length," I was not shocked by Trojans who lived in apartment houses and night clubs, used taxis and telephones, listened to radio and made twentieth century wisecracks. Why not: we've seen Shakespeare in modern dress.

My immediate impulse was to judge your situation realistically; to identify the characters who meant most to you and to note on the back fly leaves those scenes and lines that meant most to me. Hector of the tough hide caught my eye first (though he failed to hold it), then Pandarus, the clever cynic with the soft spot; then Troilus, clean as an Arrow Collar but more transparent; then Cassandra with her voice of doom and what you call "her hard purity of reason"; then Cressida whom alone you have endowed with loveliness; and lastly that Spartan salesman, Diomedes—so they emerge from the background of caricature. And when you tell us of the march past of the Trojans, of Troilus bending the spear, of Cressida dancing, when you let yourself go in that soliloquy of Troilus at dawn or again in Cressida's unwritten letter, you have me in your pocket. Those, I think, were some of the moments Chaucer would have approved.

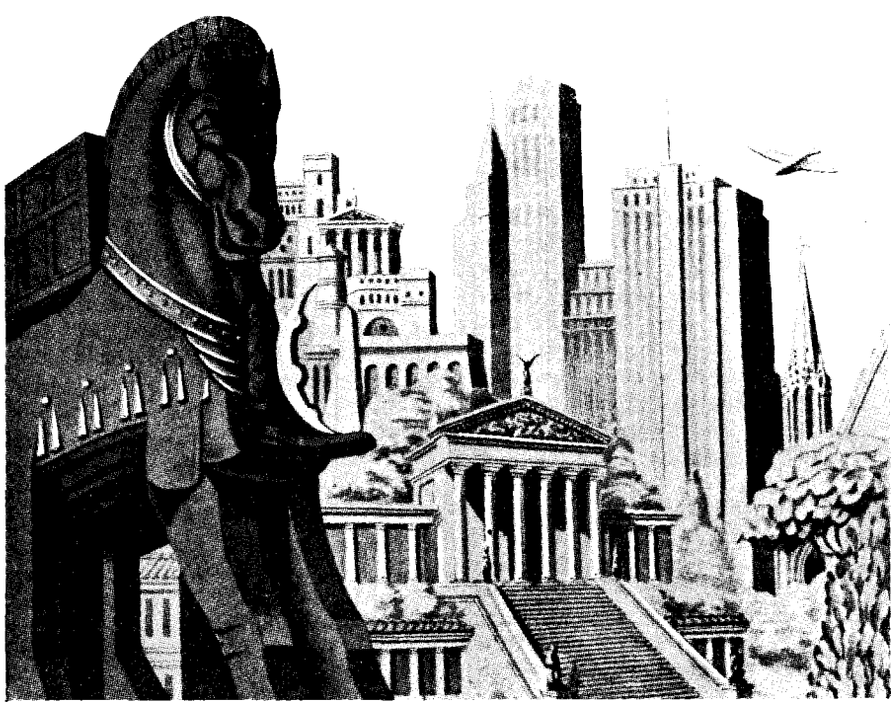
But no editor can read the books of his friends without wishing for a blue pencil. It is an inevitable duel between habit and affection. There are elements which I, like Cassandra, would like to eject from your Troy: elements which in my eyes momentarily destroy the very illusion you are after. I find myself impatient with your tendency to talk parenthetically with your reader. This habit of the expositor grows upon all of us who use the lecture platform and we should be guarded against it in our prose. It is a dangerous element and I was relieved to see you discard it in the second half. Again my respect for your best writing—"You know that gap half way across the dark"—is a little subtracted by your second-best loquaciousness. Don't let your lovers talk too long—it breaks the spell! And, Chris, your play upon words—the grammarian's rash—makes such a chapter as "Family Affairs" jangle in the ears. For it is trivial and I doubt if this business between the Trojans and the Greeks was trivial. You can make Helen silly, minimize Paris, and import Al Jolson for your comedian, if you like, but you should *not* nullify the fact that these people were fighting, actually fighting. I think there's too little blood in "The Trojan Horse."

So I have given you my mixed feelings. Yet in sum, they leave me with an affection for your story. I enjoy its laughter, I enjoy the parallel you draw with the present, and I respond most of all to the poetic thrust which is felt in your word choice, your refrains ("it's too bright for my eyes") and in your Epilogue.

Affectionately as ever,

EDWARD WEEKS

Mr. Weeks, an editor of The Atlantic Monthly, *is the author of "This Trade of Writing."*



FROM THE JACKET OF "THE TROJAN HORSE"

Regenerate Robber

MORE JOY IN HEAVEN. By Morley Callaghan. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

MORLEY CALLAGHAN is a good and sincere writer, head and shoulders above many other writers, and this last novel is well worthy of the author of "They Shall Inherit the Earth." It is, nevertheless, a little book with a tremendous theme; Mr. Callaghan has rather scanted both theme and material, not because he lacked the power to do justice to both, but for some other reason which has nothing to do with his competence as a writer and may be his anguish over the failure of human beings in general to fulfill their possibilities.

The central character is a reformed and paroled bank robber, Kip Caley, in whose conversion everyone believes except two widely separated but similarly cynical figures: the Judge who condemned him to life imprisonment and Foley, a little crook. They were both right and wrong; the conversion was completely sincere, yet Kip converted was still as much beyond the law as Kip unregenerate. Both the Judge and Foley rightly calculated on the violence which was in his nature; but neither realized nor cared that it could easily have been made into a tremendous force for good; that he had the makings of a great warrior saint. His charity and love of his fellow man had something anarchistic about them; he felt an almost mystical unanimity with the world; but he was also, being so intelligent and positive and independent a person, bound sooner or later to come into conflict with the smugness, the thoughtless frivolity, and the stupidity characteristic of lesser natures than his own.

The book is full of good characters stated with Mr. Callaghan's extremely effective matter of factness. But here again, we are not allowed time really to know these characters. When Mr. Callaghan sets down the full perversity of human nature, which he sees as clearly as he sees its possibilities of greatness, he should write an unendurably moving novel.

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Queen of the Nile

CLEOPATRA, THE STORY OF A QUEEN. By Emil Ludwig. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLARENCE W. MENDELL

HELEN of Troy and Cleopatra—they will always start the blood running and the tongues wagging. Were they beautiful or only clever, or were they both or merely beautiful? These questions keep insisting, and yet how utterly different the half mythical, wholly passive Spartan runaway from the thoroughly real and fatally active Graeco-Macedonian, the last of the Ptolemies. It is this vitality that Ludwig recreates in his Story of a Queen. The book is a return to the manner of "Napoleon" and it has the same power to make its subject at once an old and intimate acquaintance of the reader. He knows her (as she has revealed herself to Mr. Ludwig) in her palace in Alexandria and in her beleaguered tent on the edge of the desert, in her garden at the foot of the Janiculum and on her flagship as it flees from Actium. She is real and she is consistent. She is also a character of high romance.

Cleopatra wrung unwilling tribute from the pen of Horace: his ode after Actium is perhaps her greatest monument. The author of "The Nile" is not an unwilling but an eager devotee. And yet I venture to say that Horace's eight stanzas will always win more admirers for the Egyptian queen than Ludwig's three hundred pages. It is not because the biographer has failed to read his ancient sources nor because he has not presented his story as a dramatic whole. From the first picture of Cleopatra, perched in the open window-niche, through her thrilling adventures with Caesar and Antony and Octavian, down to the last act in her own mausoleum, the story marches with dramatic force. Imaginative and vivid, it holds the reader spellbound.

What it lacks is the compelling authority of Horace's lines. Imaginative biography, if it is to be convincing, must be based on indisputable fact. The imagination and the emotions should be summoned only for interpretation. Mr. Ludwig leaves too much doubt about his historical accuracy. Cleopatra could not have known the incident of Arria and Paetus, for it was not to take place for a hundred years. Horace was unknown at Rome in 47 B.C., when he is presented as puzzling the public with his "graceful verses." It is no longer believed that the library at Alexandria was burned by Caesar, nor is any credit given to the story that Caesar had a bill presented in the senate permitting him to have more than one wife.

These are perhaps minor points, but the characterization of Octavian can hardly be considered such. To present him as unwashed and uncouth, wholly dishonest and completely ungenerous, calculating and mean, is to disregard the evidence. And while it is perhaps natural in a biography of Cleopatra to give enormous weight to sex motives throughout, it is not good historical judgment to account for almost every political situation for a generation on sexual grounds.

It may seem ungracious to ask of a brilliant romanticist historical accuracy or even a generous attitude toward human nature, and the reading public may welcome the parade of sex psychology. But after all, Cleopatra is a historical character and this is the story of her life and incidentally of the doings of Caesar, Antony, and Octavian. Brilliant and enthralling though it is, the historical rules are too lightly waived and the result is the vivid impressionistic portrait of Cleopatra against a richly imaginative background. It is not history, but no one can deny that revelation often yields more brilliant results than research.

Clarence W. Mendell is dean of Yale College. See page 56 for biographical note on Emil Ludwig.

Family History

PEPITA. By V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

LITERATURE would be hard put to it to find fiction stranger than this truth. For what fairy tale dowers its heroines with more beauty, wealth, and fascination than this book, what novel unfolds a more romantic story than this of the lovely Pepita Duran and her still lovelier daughter, Victoria Sackville-West? Here in the chronicle V. Sackville-West tells of her mother and grandmother is everything fiction could ask, the humble beginnings, Prince Charming, love, wordly triumphs, life lived gorgeously and gaily, everything of glamour and picturesqueness that fancy could depict. And all of it is truth. Truth, indeed, that has the authority of court record behind it, for not once but twice lawsuits which filled England with their clamor introduced in evidence the facts of Sackville-West history here deftly woven into a fascinating family chronicle.

Victoria Sackville-West of the present, it is plain to be seen, is under the spell of the personalities whose lives she recounts. And who would not be! There was first her great-grandmother, Catalina Ortega, a Spanish gypsy, mother of Pepita, who destined her daughter for the ballet, and next the daughter, who created a furor rather by her beauty than her dancing in German lands. Pepita won the heart of the young British diplomat, Lionel Sackville-West, and set into action that train of events which ended by making her illegitimate daughter Victoria the toast of Washington won her an offer of marriage from President Arthur, and made her mistress of Knole.

It is impossible in the course of a short review to outline the colorful history which Pepita's grand-daughter has here set forth. Out of its procession of picturesque incidents the best one can do

PEPITA

is to choose a few tableaux. Lionel Sackville-West, locked for three days in his room by the British consul at Malaga to prevent his going through a marriage ceremony with the enchanting Pepita. Pepita, living with him out of wedlock whenever she returned from her dancing tours, bearing him five children, and dying suddenly, leaving them to be scattered and him heartbroken. Victoria in all her captiousness, her bewildering succession of moods, her beauty and irresistible charm, through the years of her marriage, her separation, and her old age, always enchanting, reckless, spendthrift, parsimonious, generous all at the same time.

V. Sackville-West, the author, writing of her forebears, admits their hold upon her, but she has maintained sufficient detachment to be able to write without sentimentalizing. She is enough the novelist to extract all the piquance from her material. It makes excellent reading.

See page 56 for biographical note on V. Sackville-West.

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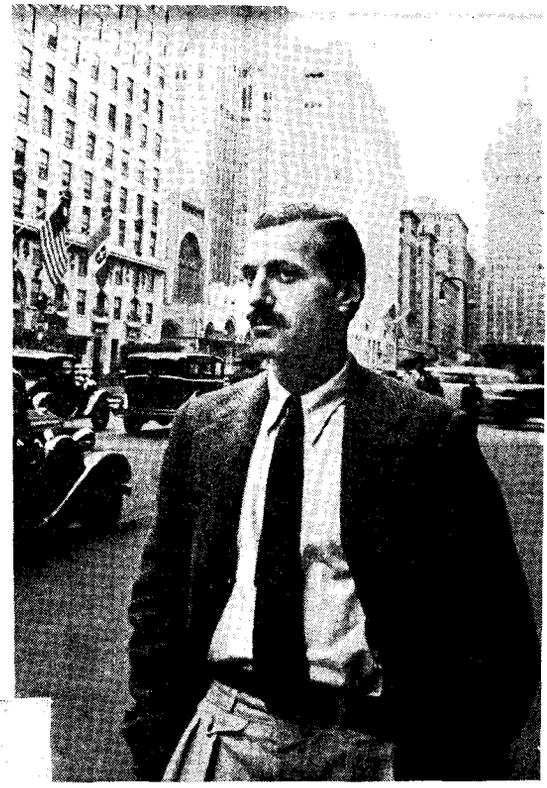
Oliver La Farge, who divides his time between New Mexico and New York, at his desk in his Manhattan apartment. His latest novel is the story of an Indian boy, "The Enemy Gods."



Stuart Cloete (above), English author of "The Turning Wheels," enjoys N. Y.'s Indian Summer on a recent visit. . . . (Below) Elmer Rice, Pulitzer Prize dramatist ("Street Scene"), has turned to fiction in "Imperial City."

In town for the Book Fair, Mackinlay Kantor (above), author of "Long Remember" . . . . and two novelists from England, Susan Ertz (right), photographed on upper Fifth Ave., and Vera Brittain (below) in Washington Square.

Carl Crow (below), American business man who wrote of his Chinese career in "400,000,000 Customers," is now in New York, writing another book.

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Earnest A. Hooton, Harvard anthropologist, looks in on his publishers—Putnam's—who recently issued his "Apes, Men and Morons."

Zora Neale Hurston, author of "Their Eyes Were Watching God," at Lippincott's New York office . . . . Below, Marquis Childs, with a copy of his novel, "Washington Calling." Mr. Childs also wrote "Sweden, the Middle Way." (*News pictures of the month by Robert Disraeli.*)

Who Said It?

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. A Collection of Passages, Phrases, and Proverbs Traced to Their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature. By John Bartlett. Eleventh Edition. Edited by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by ISAAC GOLDBERG

THE appearance of a new edition of Bartlett's classic is something of a literary event. It is eighty-two years since the first edition was published; in that time it has gone through eleven editions, of which the compiler, who lived to the age of eighty-five, saw nine through the press. Nathan Haskell Dole, who died at eighty-four, presided over the tenth, which was sent forth in the first year of the Great War. And now comes the eleventh, prepared under the ministrations of Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett.

There are those who use dictionaries and quotations only for the purposes of verification. This has always struck me as a rather unimaginative and unpleasurable occupation. It is the mere beginning of the proper employment of such volumes. The dictionary and the quotation book are, if one but knew it, primarily books for reading, not occasional consultation. Perhaps, instead of "reading" I should have written "browsing." There may be monsters who read the dictionary from A to Z; if so, they belong to the pathology of the human species. But he who has never begun to look up a word or a phrase, and then strayed by the wayside until he was lost in a thicket of definitions, etymologies, conjectures, attributions, and examples, forgetting what the word was that betrayed him into these bypaths, has not known the full delight of the hunt.

It is much the same with one's Bartlett. Looking up the source or the precise wording of a half-remembered saying is, when all is said and done, a duty to one's reader and oneself. Accuracy is a moral as well as a scientific desideratum, and the good Lord—not to speak of the good proof-reader—knows that we lit'ry folk stand much in need of such scientific and moral discipline. The book of "Familiar Quotations," however, is a palace of pleasure as well as a court of appeals. You enter, as it were, for a social drink, and before you know it you've meandered from one cocktail bar to another, emerging drunk with printer's ink. It is a happy and a profitable intoxication.

When John Bartlett first hit upon the idea of his collection (it was made without a view to publication), it was a day when quotations were capped—when cultivated persons still took pride in being able to complete a line or an excerpt that another had begun. It was a day when such a verb as "unquote," with all the technical advancement that the word connotes, could not have been dreamed of. It was a day that would have frowned upon many of the sentiments that are to be found among the quotations in the newest edition. It would be an interesting study to watch, if such a scene were possible, the face of John Bartlett as he read the latest avatar of his anthological enthusiasm.

Mr. Morley has far more of Mr. Dole's joviality than of old John's selective sobriety. (I used to twit the paronomastic Nathan Haskell for his word-plays, which were at once so Dole-ful and so undoleful). Indeed, as is to be seen from a reading of his Preface, Mr. Morley is as quotable as he is able to quote. For once, a publisher's blurb is true: that Preface, in the words of the announcement on the flap, may well be read "for its own sake as literature." Perhaps it was the joyous relief at having accomplished a task that was, after all, arduous; perhaps it was a result of the task itself. In any case, here is a singing preface wriggling with more than one Morleyism that might well receive a place in the columns to which it serves as introduction.

The music begins straightway.

> What makes words memorable? It would be useful if we knew, but I doubt we ever shall. The subtle adhesions of adult memory are unintentional and unconscious; that is the true Learning by Heart we were told of in school, when they really meant Learning by Rote. Grown minds have an abated regard for the operations of conscious intelligence. We have found (in many a secret surprise) that the images which sink deepest are often those we scarcely knew, at the time, we were noticing at all. Like a skillful diver they went through the outer film of sense with very little splash.
>
> The mind has a delicate property of surface tension, a retracting and tightening function, which creates a superficial envelope against too easy interruption or dispersion of the precious Me within. Whatever somehow punctures that protection is latent for memory. All we dare say about it is that it satisfies some inner necessity of our own, whether it be John Milton or Eddie Guest.

This is true of all the arts. A Familiar Quotation is not necessarily a lapidary utterance; it may even offend the purist with an eagerness, a vitality, that overleaps the hedges of grammar and lands squarely in the green pastures of rhetoric. It has said, or we consider it to have said, something pertinent to our living, and phrased it with a quality having the illusion of finality. "Man," as Mr. Morley writes in another of his prefatory intuitions, "is a sententious animal, splendid in syllables and pompous in afterthought; nothing makes so bewildered an impression on him as the disparity between his

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words and his behavior." Or, again: "this can hardly be duly translated; as every lover of language knows, nothing ever can. One can render, but there is always a shrinkage in carrying across. The more volatile the wine, the more ullage."

This was written of translation from one language to another; but all communication, between person and person in the same language, is likewise translation, and subject to a like shrinkage. We remember the Familiar Quotation because someone has spoken for us better than we had found it possible to speak for ourselves.

Twenty-three years make a difference. In the tenth edition of Bartlett there were no quotations from Melville, Emily Dickinson, O. Henry; not even from William Blake. This editorial observation naturally suggests the question, Who and what of importance have been overlooked in the eleventh edition? Someone's favorite, as in all works of anthological character, must have been either neglected or inadequately represented. Even with Blake at long last admitted, I miss his notable saying about that spiritual stagnancy which breeds "reptiles of the mind." And where, for example, is Gilbert's "source of innocent merriment?" And Dante's "that day we read no further"?

These, however, suggest a list of distinctly minor animadversions. . . . The 1937 edition is almost twice the size of its predecessor; it is, for so capacious a volume, not difficult to handle; it is easy to read; the chronological arrangement is retained; entries have been dropped in the ratio of one to every two added. Finally, this delight to the mind has been made into a delight for the eye. And, as Ira Gershwin sang in a song devoted to the glorification of rhythm, "Who could ask for anything more?"

Princes and Peasants of Bali

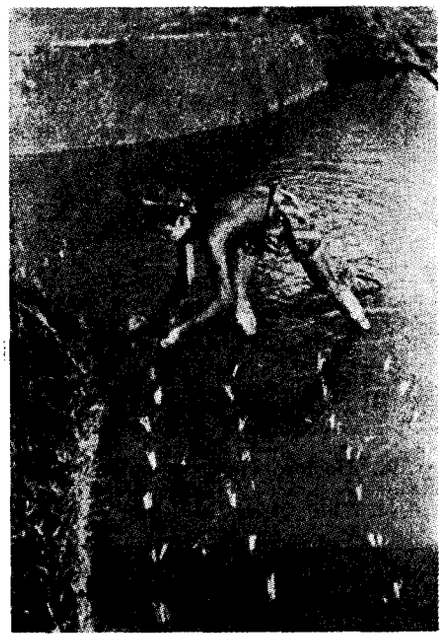
ISLAND OF BALI. By Miguel Covarrubias. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THERE have been countless travel books and documentary films about Bali, but none have approached in round scholarship the present volume. Specific elements of the island's culture have been monographed—art, religion, mores; its beauty, preponderantly female, has been publicized by experts, but Covarrubias, the artist, has first seen Bali whole.

A Guggenheim Fellowship facilitated his work, and Walter Spies, a long time resident of the island and an intelligent champion, assisted him invaluably. He could have made no better choice of mentors than Spies on one side and the native Gusti Alit Oka on the other, for between them what would have remained but impressions to a less conscientious traveler could be accurately checked. And they are mostly accurate, though one is inclined to feel that Covarrubias's personal research weighs less here than the careful assemblage of already recorded data. Balinese is an intricate language, a deceitful one, which even Spies spoke imperfectly, and "bazaar" Malay interprets little, but what was independent of language the author has exceptionally understood.

The native art he could feel and know. When he writes of the "tjilis," the stylized, feminine designs, or the flux of traditional and experimental art, or the role of theatre, he is on sure ground. When he writes of customs he is apparently dependent upon the previous research of Dutch anthropologists, and limited, as he admits, by the district where he lived, though its general aspects obtain throughout most of Bali.



PLANTING RICE SHOOTS
Photograph by Rose Covarrubias.

"Bali," he writes, "presents the amazing spectacle of a land where the deeply rooted agrarian communalism of the people has continued to exist side by side with the feudalism of the noble landlords." It is equally amazing that in a caste society princes and peasants should labor coequally to the advantage of their arts. In the orchestra alone do they sit level; anyone and everyone may work upon the magnificent reliefs of the temples, for there are no professional artists, nor, until recently, has there been any acknowledgment by signature of even individual paintings. The graphic arts, the drama and the dance, articulated through religion, direct the Balinese from infancy.

Covarrubias has missed very little of importance either to tourist or student of Bali. The courtship, marriage, and death of the average native is drawn in detail. His gods are ordered, his magics examined to find that ghosts are progressive nowadays and travel by plane or automobile. Only his exquisite music is slighted at all.

Physically this is a handsome book, profusely illustrated with drawings and paintings by the author, and photographs by his wife. It should remain standard as an honest reference to one of the most cultured and pleasant peoples of the world.

THE *ARDJA*, ROMANTIC BALINESE OPERA
Drawing by Miguel Covarrubias, from "Island of Bali."

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Self-Confidential

EVERYBODY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Random House. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by BURTON RASCOE

WALLACE IRWIN called me up last week and asked me if I could give shelter, board, and work to his aging Japanese house-boy, Hashimura Togo, until a commotion died down. Mr. Irwin lives in the Village where, it seems, a boycott is in operation against silk stockings and Japanese house-boys. Mr. Irwin is a liberal, leftist and left-handed; and the presence of Hashimura was, for the time being, compromising to him.

Mr. Irwin assured me that there had been no perceptible decrease in Hashimura's annoying efficiency and solicitude and that, moreover, he had progressed in his education to such an extent that whereas he used to find a little red vest-pocket dictionary adequate to his English needs, he now owns and employs a Roget's "Thesaurus." For the little words Hashimura used to use, he now looks up the synonyms in Roget and picks out the synonym that is the prettiest looking, that is, the one that has the most syllables.

Hashimura came to work and efficiently disrupted my whole plan of living very quickly; but I made use of him by asking him to read Miss Stein's "Everybody's Autobiography" and to write out what he thinks of it. That kept him from tidying up my desk in such a way that I can't find anything. His report follows:

"For Communist-Red Liberal Fascist Sino-Japanese boy, who aspire to make himself contagious with American genius, the most reasonable conduct is for him reading this exorbitant book. All within is simpleton so Oriental will not engage polysyllables. She are untroubled to read, these Miss Gertrude Stein and Miss Alice B. Toklas who is one persons who is two persons.

"I enthrall unparalleled, I cogitate, when one is perusing these womans autobiography of everybody, when she tell how she told the honorable gentlemen who represent the press in Richmond that Virginia was uninhabited. These honorable gentlemen of the press were petrified out of bewilderment. They inquire, 'What do you connote? WE are here.' Miss Stein is adamantine. She asserverates, 'Even so, Virginia is uninhabited.' They extort umbrage anent this remark and placard in the newspapers that Miss Stein covets a malignancy against Virginians.

"Ha. Ha. What a jolly rogue is this Miss Stein. As she makes explanation in this sumptuous volume she does not intend there are no people in Virginia when she use word *uninhabited*. She fabricates a laughing stock. She tell us her mind is so empty of Virginia that all she remembers about it is there was entailed a battle there nominated The Battle of the Wilderness and she deduces a Wilderness is trees with no people among them except there was a battle there and in battles there must be people so all the people in The Battle of The Wilderness must have been annihilated so Virginia is uninhabited. Also when Miss Stein glanced out of the railway window before she reached Richmond she observed some real estate on which no house had been erected. That was in Virginia. Real estate upon which no house has been erected may be said to be uninhabited. *Quid est demonstrandum,* Virginia is uninhabited.

"What exhorts me most to Miss Stein is she is self-confidential. When she was Miss Alice B. Toklas and indicted a biography of herself she wrote there were only two geniuses in the world, Pablo Picasso and Gertrude Stein. That was superfluous. When she is Gertrude Stein she gives the kibosh to Pablo Picasso. Which leaves us just Miss Gertrude Stein, solitary *idegenus omne*. She is performing an exhortatory conduct for I am believing that she has successfully meditated upon the analects of the honorable exquisite philosopher, Dale Carnegie, as your humble servant has also engaged himself in his hours of leisure, but to more profit than your humble servant has yet attained.

"Miss Stein promulgates a dire accusation and because of this I must have the humility to sequester antsinthepants. She allegates she is composing an autobiography of everybody and in contrariety to this I must extract the most humble exception. *Id est,* she must include me out, as the phrase goes. Her avowal asserts that in the prolonging of thirty years incumbence in France she does not understand the French when they say it and that she does not peruse French books with aversion because there are no French books to read. She avows that everybody cultivates a facility in his natural language and that she has done this and nobody else has and everybody else has. If she will act pardonably to reciprocate instruction from a Sino-Japanese adorer and pupil who is only holding a Roman candlestick out of which she is a catapulting star, I crave to suggest that I write a non-indigenous language more mellifluously than she native Englishes.

"Miss Stein has the misfortune to have a very limited acquaintance. Her publisher is so concerned about this that he believes it is obligatory to itemize them. Thus: Dashiell Hammett, Carl Van Vechten, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Jean Cocteau, Pablo Picasso, Jo Davidson, Mildred Aldrich, Bennett Cerf, Marie Laurencin, Guillaume Apollinaire, Virgil Thomson, Francis Picabia, Thornton Wilder, Lord Berners, Marianne Moore, Muriel Draper, Fanny Butcher, Donald Klopfer, Mortimer Adler, Robert M. Hutchins, Louis Bromfield, Alexander Woollcott, Katharine Cornell, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Du Bose Heyward, Sherwood Anderson, Mary Garden, Anita Loos, William Saroyan, Rouben Mamoulian, Gertrude Atherton, Bob Davis.

"Wouldn't it be educational if Miss Stein could become acquainted with Hyman Kaplan, John Q. Smith, and Hashimura Togo?"

Mr. Togo's effort is not exactly what you might call a review. That is because he has not the benefit of reading the profound essays that have been published on the art and esoteric thought of Miss Gertrude Stein. But Mr. Togo seems to have something there. I have never read a book in my life that had more words and less in it than this one, unless it was another book by Gertrude Stein. But if you take a page at a time of her, occasionally, you may find something that strikes you as pretty damn funny.

See page 56 for biographical note on Gertrude Stein.

GERTRUDE STEIN. *Photo by Carl Van Vechten, from "Everybody's Autobiography."*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Christmas Tonic

THERE recently appeared in the Personals a plaintive advertisement signed by a publisher and asking for an author whose fiscal affairs were in order—who did not have to expend in negotiating advances the energy that should go into writing his books. This being the season when fantasies usually suppressed are allowed to go free for a while, we are permitted to wonder just what kind of author a publisher would like to find on his hearth when he comes downstairs on Christmas morning to see what Santa Claus has brought.

In spite of our advertiser's plea, we doubt that most publishers would make solvency item one or even item twenty in the specifications for a Christmas-gift author. Publishers are much given to idealism, and are as generous as they are hopeful. They invariably tell us so, with sincere grief, whenever we suggest that they are interested in profits. The amazing thing is, we are constrained to agree with them. Every publisher's accounts show appalling losses on writers whom a disinterested bystander would never expect to make money for him—advances only one-third made good by the sales of the first book, further advances on the second book that fall still farther behind, and so on. Nearly half the writers on his list always owe him money. If he were a ruthless business man, or even a good one, no such situation could exist.

What, then, are the specifications? Probably the deepest dream of a publisher is an author who can think objectively about his book, once it is written. This does not mean merely ability to understand that a mediocre book, or even a pretty good one, is not a masterpiece—though that is very helpful and very rare. Much more important and valuable would be an ability to admit that the manuscript is not all right in its own terms, and to consult with the publisher's readers and editors with something like tranquillity. If a writer can be brought to understand that criticisms of his manuscript are not personal attacks on him, on his pride or his integrity or his intelligence—that they are not, in fact, attacks at all—the publisher has a chance to do the very things with the book that the writer wants done. Readers and editors are usually not fools, and even if they were they would nevertheless be the only test-sample of the public who buy books. Yet the writer who hears from them that his book is too long, that one part of it is not as well done as the rest, or that certain passages need to be made clearer or given some connection with other parts, usually behaves as if they had expressed a public doubt of his virility.

Next would come an ability to acknowledge that the publisher has other books on his list and must devote some of his attention, and of his advertising appropriation, to them. After that, it would be pleasant if the author would understand that the publisher can do nothing whatever about the reviews. He cannot persuade Mrs. Roosevelt or Robert Taylor to review the author's book for the *Times*, cannot bring pressure on Irita Van Doren to commission the author's best friend to do it on page one of *Books*, and cannot dictate to this magazine the amount of space to be devoted to it and the most favorable selection for it among our staff of reviewers. The publisher also cannot write rebuking every reviewer who says unkind things about it, and his interest in the author's protests has a very low ceiling. Maybe there are some authors who don't bellyache about advertising and reviews, but no publisher has seen one recently.

Finally, the Christmas-gift author would understand that the publisher knows his business—well enough, at least, to get by; better, at least, than the author knows it. There are no better publishers or, if there are, the author isn't one of them. The publisher knows how to design books, how to advertise them, how to distribute them, how to sell them—within the limits of human fallibility, an unpredictable business, and the caprices of fortune. He knows: the author does not know. The author's ideas are either impossible or plain crazy. Authors have no other kind of ideas about selling books.

One thing more: the dream-author, or even the kind of author you would be willing to introduce in your home, does not call up and say, "I had lunch with Jones of Smith & Robinson, and we got to talking about my next book. . . ."

Well, what kind of publisher should Santa Claus bring the author?

The dream-publisher does not write books, does not want to write books, would far rather go to jail than write a book. So when he comes to talk about the author's manuscript he talks about just that, not about the book he would have written if, God forbid, he had been a writer. He does not say indignantly, "I think Eunice should be moved by self-sacrifice to go back and take care of her children," when the plain purpose of 350 pages has been to show that her children give her the heebie-jeebies. He does not say, "Civil War novels are still big stuff and you could turn this into one without much trouble," when this is a fearless story about technological unemployment in the beehive industry.

He does not think that he has an uncanny gift for titles. He does not want to call a study of industrial chemistry "Life Begins in the Laboratory." He does not propose "Wings Over Dutchess County" as a sell-out title for a collection of ghost stories, or "Stars Fell on El Morocco" for a detective yarn that happens to have a movie personage in it. He doesn't ask the salesmen or the visiting buyers what we ought to call George's new novel. He doesn't ask anybody; he even believes that there is no such thing as an "angle" for titles. One title is as good as another to him, and the writer's own is best of all, if only because it keeps George quiet.

Furthermore, he trusts George to get a good idea for his next book. If he has ideas about it he goes to a convalescent home till they stop bothering him. He does not implore his best historical novelist to "do us a book about New York in the year 2000, when they've got all that Norman-Bel Geddes stuff going, you know, and not only Buck Rogers but are they nudists and what's happened about the totalitarian state?" He doesn't break out, in the middle of a conference on whether George shall try for a Guggenheim fellowship, "I thought up a good one. The President—better not make him too near F. D. R.—is despondent about the future of the country. So he falls asleep before the fire. America rises before him in a dream. First we see them on the storm-tossed *Mayflower*, bending anxiously over a chart. . ." He knows that, bad as George's ideas may be, his own are much worse, and when evolution or Jim Farley produces the perfect publisher, he won't have ideas about next books.

Santa Claus can put a padlock on the publisher's checkbook, if he will induce the publisher to think of writers as the people who write the books.

The consumer is out of luck, anyway. Think of him as ground between the publisher and the writer, who have him constantly in mind and seldom do anything for him. He is especially forlorn at Christmas time, breasting a sea of printed matter in search of a good book. That is all he wants, and right there the whole complex comes to a head. Writers have a constitutional inability to think of good books: they only think of great ones. And publishers, getting only great books, have to work with what they've got. Santa Claus could do most for the forgotten reader by leaving on the mantel a private note, telling him that George's novel is pretty good. It isn't greater than Proust, but it makes nice reading. That would be wonderfully tonic on Christmas morning.

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Letters to the Editor: *H. W. Fowler's Letter On Bierce's "Write It Right"*

Busman's Holiday

SIR:—Mr. Follett's article in your issue of Oct. 30, with its reference to Ambrose Bierce, recalls to my mind an incident that may be of interest to some of your readers and contributors.

In course of a somewhat extended correspondence with H. W. Fowler, I sent him a copy of Bierce's "Write It Right." His comments on the book were embodied in a letter that I enclose.

F. T. WRIGHT.

La Jolla, Calif.

(H. W. Fowler's letter follows. A paragraph relating to another matter has been omitted.—Ed.)

MY DEAR SIR

I am grateful to you for the Bierce book, which I was already curious about; it happened that it & my M. E. U. ["Modern English Usage"] were reviewed in one article of a U. S. newspaper, which reached me via the press-cutters. So I have taken a brief busman's holiday in it today. There is amusement to be had out of it, as you suggest; but I regret to say that I cannot imagine any writer's profiting much by reading it. The judgements are extremely arbitrary, &, if I am not mistaken, more often wrong than right. As an experiment, I took three double pages in different places, and marked each item R(ight), W(rong), and U(seless). There were 37 items, & I had 16 Rs, 17 Ws, & 4 Us. W, however, meant no more than that to take this piece of advice would do more harm than good. And again, my unfavourable opinion may be only a case of "two of a trade never agree." Anyhow, many thanks for the book. . . .

Yours very truly

H. W. FOWLER.

Criminal Record

SIR:—After reading a criticism of your Criminal Record in the November 20th issue, I hasten to join the fray. I have spent much time and money in the last year or two, begging, borrowing, and buying the books you recommend, and have found them all of the best. I have never apologized for my predilection for this sort of literature, since reading some highbrow's dictum, that it was "the normal recreation of a noble mind," and also in your own columns of the *S.R.L.* that "the detective story is the last stronghold of morality." Nourishing my self esteem with these reassuring thoughts, I look eagerly forward to each week's suggestions, and thank you for a very adequate introduction to books which otherwise I might never see.

ELIZABETH D. WILLIAMS.

Haverford, Pa.

Last Words on Hemingway

SIR:—Three cheers for Jenkin R. David and his letter re Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not," particularly where he says "A certain number . . . of the copies went to readers who wanted to see the 'dirty words' in print." How much longer must we endure critical condoning of the type of modern writing that caters to the sensational, morbid interests of the human race? How much longer will brute force, vulgarity, sexual freedom, and obscene language be acclaimed as "virile," "frankly realistic," strong, and sane portrayal of life"? "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" and a garbage can by any other name is as unpleasant.

LOUISE S. G. PERRY.

Wheaton College
Norton, Mass.

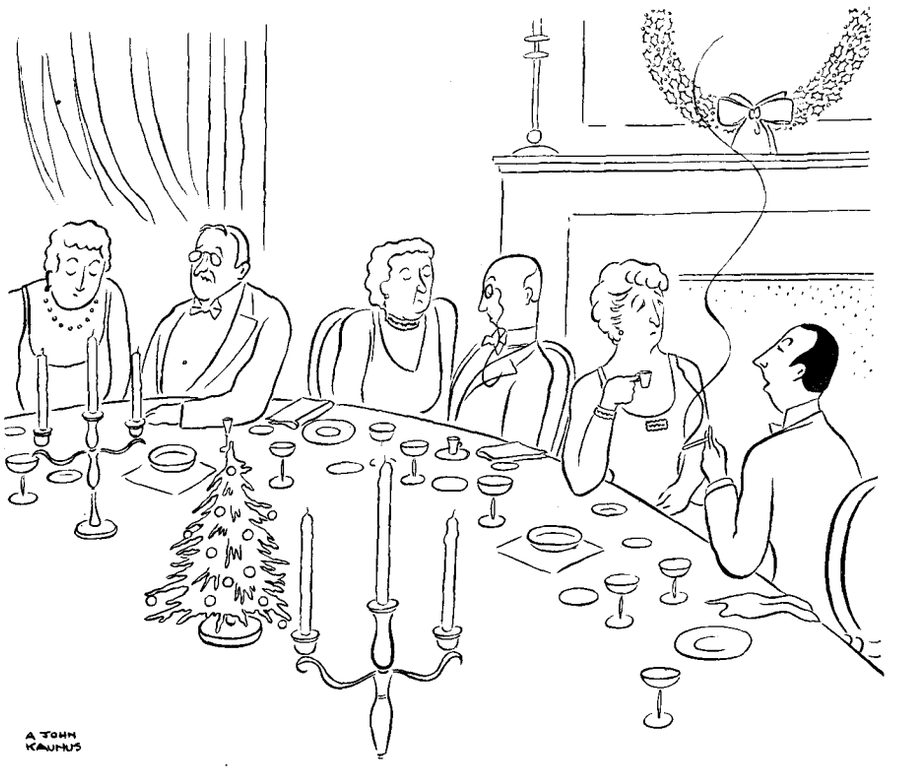
SIR:—I relish prolonged tilts over a good writer just as much as any book-lover, but it seems to me that the Hemingway controversy is getting out of hand. For at least a year now, so-called critical observations about Hemingway have been little more than unkind and often unfair personalities deceptively clothed in critical language. I fail to see of what significance the hair on a writer's chest, for example, has to do with an evaluation of his work.

To be more specific, not only do I find these quips about Hemingway's physique unnecessary, but I fail to see, too, what Mr. Elliot Paul's politics have to do with his quiet but much needed championship of Hemingway. However true it is that his experience in Spain has had a profound influence on him, there is certainly little evidence of doctrinaire argument in "To Have and Have Not." Ernest Hemingway has never been a pamphleteer in fiction, and I doubt that he ever will be. He is far too sensitive and skillful an artist to make his social criticism anything more than tacit. Mr. Brickell's suggestion that Mr. Paul's politics color his appreciation of "To Have and Have Not" seems irrelevant. Titillation over indecency in literature has nothing to do with left-wing criticism—and, as far as I am concerned, nothing to do with Hemingway. He is frank, certainly, but not indecent. And even his frankness should offend only the over-squeamish reader.

I think it is about time for some of our critics to forget their smart drawing-room gossip and settle down to the equally difficult feat of evaluating books. Hemingway is too important a figure in American literature to dismiss with clever tags manufactured by superficially clever critics.

ROSALIE LUDWIG.

New York City.



"HAVE YOU READ ANY GOOD BOOK REVIEWS LATELY?"

Fitz-James O'Brien

SIR:—I am working upon a bibliography of Fitz-James O'Brien (1828-1862). If any of your readers possess any information about O'Brien, either in manuscript or in printed form, will he please communicate with me? I am particularly interested in locating any literary papers which Fitz-James O'Brien might have left in the care of William Winter, Frank Wood, or Thomas E. Davis.

Due acknowledgment will be given for any such information received.

BENTON E. JONES.

292 E. State Street,
Athens, Ohio.

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THE EDITORS RECOMMEND FOR CHRISTMAS

JOURNAL OF EUGENE DELACROIX
Translated by WALTER PACH. *Covici-Friede.* $7.50. The first translation of this diary of the French artist.
Reviewed November 20.

JOURNALIST'S WIFE
By LILIAN T. MOWRER. *Morrow.* $3.50. The story of a life lived against the background of European politics.
Reviewed November 13.

FROM THESE ROOTS
By MARY M. COLUM. *Scribners.* A study of the influence of critical ideas on literature from Lessing to the present.
Reviewed November 13.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE
By KENNETH ROBERTS. *Doubleday, Doran.* $2.75. Historical fiction at its best, in a novel of the American colonial period.
Reviewed July 3.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN
By ELLIOT PAUL. *Random House.* $2.50. How civil war shattered the idyllic existence of a Spanish fishing hamlet.
Reviewed July 31.

THE RAINS CAME
By LOUIS BROMFIELD. *Harpers.* $2.50. English and natives thrown into juxtaposition in a novel of India.
Reviewed October 23.

AN ARTIST IN AMERICA
By THOMAS H. BENTON. *McBride.* $3.75. A personal report of variegated life in America by a noted artist.
Reviewed November 6.

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD
By ZORA NEALE HURSTON. *Lippincott.* $2. A novel of Negroes by one of their own race.
Reviewed September 18.

AMERICA'S COOK BOOK
By THE HERALD-TRIBUNE INSTITUTE. *Scribners.* An excellent cook book for the household of comfortable means.

A WORLD HISTORY OF ART
By SHELDON CHENEY. *Viking.* $5. Traces the course of art through the ages, interweaving the Oriental strands with the Occidental.
Reviewed November 20.

THE YEARS
By VIRGINIA WOOLF. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. The march of time in a family group from 1880 to the present.
Reviewed April 10.

BUGLES BLOW NO MORE
By CLIFFORD DOWDEY. *Little, Brown.* $2.50. A tale of the Civil War with action centering around the siege of Richmond.
Reviewed May 15.

ONE MORE MANHATTAN
By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. A volume of good light verse.
Reviewed October 9.

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
Edited by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY and LOUELLA D. EVERETT. *Little, Brown.* $5. A revised and greatly enlarged edition of an honored reference book.
Reviewed on page 9.

FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE
By T. L. NICHOLS. *Stackpole.* $3. A study in pre-Civil War American history.
Reviewed September 11.

U. S. CAMERA, 1937
Edited by T. J. MELONEY. *Morrow.* $2.90. The third appearance of America's most distinguished photographic annual.
Reviewed November 6.

BOY IN BLUE
By ROYCE BRIER. *Appleton-Century.* $2.50. A story of an Ohio farm boy with the Northern forces in the Civil War.
Reviewed May 15.

THE CITADEL
By A. J. CRONIN. *Little, Brown.* $2.50. A novel which has opened the sluice gates of medical discussion.
Reviewed September 11.

ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA
By EUGENE LYONS. *Harcourt, Brace.* $3.75. The autobiography of a foreign correspondent with special stress on his Russian years.
Reviewed October 9.

ENDS AND MEANS
By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Harpers.* $3.50. Diagnoses the state of the world, and prescribes for it.
Reviewed November 20.

CLEOPATRA
By EMIL LUDWIG. *Viking.* $3.50. A fictionized biography of Egypt's Queen.
Reviewed on page 7.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE
Edited by RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Dutton.* $5. An excellent selection from a famous correspondence.
Reviewed November 20.

A LETTER TO ROBERT FROST AND OTHERS
By ROBERT HILLYER. *Knopf.* $2. Witty and urbane heroic couplets in the modern temper.
Reviewed September 18.

OF MICE AND MEN
By JOHN STEINBECK. *Covici-Friede.* $2. The surprise success of this year's fiction.
Reviewed February 27.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT
By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *Scribners.* $2.50. The most debated novel of the year, with some memorable passages.
Reviewed October 16.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By J. P. MARQUAND. *Little, Brown.* $2.50. A novel in the form of a memoir, with Boston of last century for its scene.
Reviewed January 2.

THIS IS MY STORY
By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. *Harpers.* $3. The autobiography of the President's wife.
Reviewed November 27.

COUNTRY MATTERS
By CLARE LEIGHTON. *Macmillan.* $3. Woodcuts and accompanying comment on the English rural scene.
To be reviewed next week.

BELOVED FRIEND
By CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN and BARBARA VON MECK. *Random House.* $3. The story of Tschaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck.
Reviewed January 30.

LIFE WITH MOTHER
By CLARENCE DAY. *Knopf.* $2. Further chronicles of the Day family with Mother in the foreground and Father not far behind.
Reviewed August 28.

HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS
Edited by BURTON STEVENSON. *Dodd, Mead.* $12.50. A revised edition, with considerable new material, new attributions, etc.
Reviewed November 27.

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC
By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON and HENRY STEELE COMMAGER. *Oxford University Press.* $6. The best short general history of the United States.
Reviewed November 6.

HEINRICH HEINE: PARADOX AND POET
By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. *Harcourt, Brace.* $6. A life of the poet together with the translation of his lyrics and narratives.
Reviewed November 20.

THE HARP THAT ONCE—
By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES. *Holt.* $3.50. A study of Tom Moore and the Regency period.
Reviewed October 16.

AUGUSTUS
By JOHN BUCHAN. *Houghton Mifflin.* $4.50. A biography of the Roman Emperor by the Governor-General of Canada.
Reviewed October 23.

WAR WITH THE NEWTS
By KAREL CAPEK. *Putnam.* $2.50. A fantasy of future civilization.
Reviewed October 23.

ANDREW JACKSON
By MARQUIS JAMES. *Bobbs-Merrill.* $5. An authoritative biography of the fighting president.
Reviewed October 9.

AMERICAN MEMORY
Edited by HENRY BESTON. *Farrar & Rinehart.* $3.50. Selections from the chronicles of American explorers, statesmen, travelers, etc.
Reviewed November 27.

WOOLLCOTT'S SECOND READER
Edited by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. *Viking.* $3. What Woollcott likes in literature and what you will like too.
Reviewed November 20.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING
By LIN YUTANG. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* $3. A cultured Chinese presents his philosophy of life.
Reviewed November 27.

THREE GREEK PLAYS
By EDITH HAMILTON. *Norton.* $2.50. Metrical translations of Euripedes's "The Trojan Women" and Aeschylus's "Prometheus" and "Agamemnon" with excellent introductory comment.
Reviewed on page 38.

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS
By WILLIAM MAXWELL. *Harpers.* $2. A sensitive and subtle novel portraying family life.
Reviewed May 1.

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS
Edited by LEWIS GALANTIÈRE. *Doubleday, Doran.* $3.50. Paris of the mid-nineteenth century as reflected in the journals of two famous writing brothers.
Reviewed September 11.

THE BIRDS OF AMERICA
By JOHN J. AUDUBON. *Macmillan.* $12.50. The first presentation of the famous plates of the great naturalist in one volume.
Reviewed November 20.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND HIS LETTERS
Edited by M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. *Houghton Mifflin.* $4. The life, told largely through his letters, of a gentleman and a scholar.
Reviewed October 9.

OF MEN AND MUSIC
By DEEMS TAYLOR. *Simon & Schuster.* $2.50. The human side of musicians, past, present, and future, by the composer of "Peter Ibbetson."
Reviewed November 27.

MADAME CURIE
By EVE CURIE. *Doubleday, Doran.* $3.50. The biography, by her daughter, of the great French scientist and co-discoverer of radium.
Reviewed on page 5.

PEPITA
V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Doubleday, Doran.* $3. The colorful annals of the author's grandmother and mother; a fairy story that is truth.
Reviewed on page 7.

THE ROAD TO REUNION
By PAUL H. BUCK. *Little, Brown.* $3.25. The history of reconciliation between the sections after the Civil War.
Reviewed June 12.

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE REVEREND WILLIAM COLE
Edited by W. S. LEWIS and A. DAYLE WALLACE. *Yale University Press.* $15. A rich correspondence revealing the essence of the eighteenth century.
Reviewed November 20.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Cavu

Knothole, November

WORDS would need be simple on so simple a morning: a dulcet air unmoving as though dropped from some upper dowry of peace. A softened sunlight, mild and syrupy, a completeness of pause, and a natural suspicion (at this season) of plenty Weather impending. Indian Summer Pocahontas lingering in the lap of Santa Claus, but that soft friction I hear in the distance is Fuel Oil rubbing his hands at 7½ cents a gallon. The thermometer is 50° outside and this cabin, after three weeks empty, gradually warms to the burning hearth and ripens its woody smells. The books put off their chill; and solitude warms too. Jostled and pocketed about these many days, now she "plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings." How keen and hard her hawkish eye when she gets done blinking. Under the brownwood tree a pair of bluejays just flew across. Surely things propitiate if you don't push them too hard: maybe it's a suggestion to sum up a few Moments—and Moment means not only a fraction of time but also a measure of power.

"Tell her," said my wise friend (I don't think he guesses that I realize his wisdom; often I pretend to disregard his best sayings, not to embarrass him)—"tell her she always seems to be on tiptoe. Tell her that from me, so she'll know I recognized her quality." This was of one he had but chancily met, but saw in his divining way the faculty of response. He saw (O canny watchman of vaulted moods and emotional safe deposits) that uplifted eager salute to the oncoming and uncalculated: the mind that runs to the sill to meet the glamor and the grace. He was aware of the full clear eye that says a thousand converse before slow speech—yet not so slow, neither—negotiates its dullard scholarship. In short, the quality that takes the instant by the forward top, improves the moment as it flies. (These, I suppose, are aftermath of Bartlett.)

Marvelling, but with what horrid banana-peel slides, the world feels its way toward new patterns. Are they really as rare as they seem (at least in print) those who recognize and collaborate with the Moment? Why are we so much cleverer to translate French or Swedish than our inside language of the feelings? Of that language even great verse, the most honest attempt to convey our actuals, is mere slang. There's a fine bit somewhere in Walter Pater: "Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us is to sleep before evening." And again (in *Marius*) "a diligent promotion of the capacity of the eye." Even while the eye is at work you realize with sickness how much you are missing. Stand at the third yellow line, said the station agent as the Rocket streamline train pulled into Rock Island. If you don't stand at the mark you won't have time to get aboard. But there isn't always a yellow line painted on the platform to tell the passenger where the cars will halt. How shall we grope for, and gain, the necessary prescience? But you recognize it sometimes. I saw it in the face of a department store manager in Montreal who passionately loves his job. I saw it in the dean of a college in Illinois when he was reading aloud Swedish translations of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe. I saw it in a Chicago poet when he gazed at a shabby and saturnine old hotel on Dearborn Street and made warm unquotable comment on the romance of disrepute. These in their moment broke through the specious crust of show and were aware of strangeness within. Like the man in Stephen Benét's old sonnet who shocked the well-mannered clubroom, they shout the Amazing Tune.

SWIMMING HOLE, WALNUT, ILLINOIS

Wondering just how to account for the thought in mind, one walks anxiously about the room: and here, by something better than hazard, I come upon another Amazing Tune. It is a poem by William Watson, lettered out for me by my good friend Bucholz who enjoys reproducing, in beautiful calligraphy and water-color, what he best admires. In one of his rubricated colophons he describes himself as "a printer in Cleveland who sets type by day and does these things as he pleases by night." One stanza of a fine poem, which B. has copied out in exquisite script and illumination, goes like this:—

And in appropriate dust be hurled
That dull, punctilious god, whom they
That call their tiny clan the world,
Serve and obsequiously obey:
Who con their ritual of Routine,
With minds to one dead likeness blent,
And never even in dreams have seen
The things that are more excellent.

But perhaps there is a little irritable condescension in Watson's tone? It is dangerous to be too certain about other people's dreams. I know that I most plainly see the quality of response to living on the humblest of countenances: on the luminously ugly face of Snookie, the bulldog. She is still so young that she is apoplectic and bloodshot with the worship of existence; so fatigued merely by admiring and wondering that towards evening her snore of exhaustion booms through the whole house. When in his swinking trudge up the cycles did man lose that brute capacity of joy?

10,000 feet above Alleghanies the plane ran into a snowstorm. Sitting placidly with a tray of dinner I thought that mist had gathered on the window-panes and tried to brush it off. No, it was thick whiteness outside, the great wing stretched out into the dark as pearly as a gull's. It was like swimming in milk. The pilot's bulletin said: *Air Speed 184 mph., Ground Speed 120 mph., altitude above sea level 10,000 ft., temperature 31°, wind SW variable WSW 64 mph. We will arrive over Cleveland approx. 8.28 p.m. The weather there will be overcast 1400'.* This was true enough: we never saw Cleveland at all, but presently a small pink spot fuzzed through a muck of cloud and sleet, the moon reappeared (like a slice of melon afloat at exactly our level) and before we crossed Toledo the night was crystal clear. The next bulletin taught me a new word. It said we would arrive at Chicago Airport approx. 10.13 p.m., and *the weather there will be* CAVU. What is Cavu I asked Esther Nelson, our hostess. She explained that it means *Ceiling and Visibility Unlimited.* It's a good motto for the future: I hope I can sometimes hang onto it. A Merry Christmas and a Cavu New Year.—In an exchange of autographs I got much the best of it, for here is a special report signed for me by Pilots M. D. Ator (known, for his initials, as Doc) and Harry Clark. It says:—*You have had the discomfort of witnessing the longest westbound trip Newark-Chicago on record, 6 hrs 13 minutes for 715 miles. We have the pleasure of holding*

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both the above and eastbound record of 2 hrs 46 minutes.

While collecting Moments, there can hardly be a better than the approach to Chicago from sky on a clear night. I flew along the Andes with no more thrill, for the order of great cities is surely as notable as the disorder of great hills. From far away you see the glowing fringe along the black lake. Propeller blades move too fast for eye to follow, but they cut off a shimmer of moonlight that hangs like a pale dissolving smoke-ring. You recognize the Palmolive beacon and other well-known buildings, for you cross the whole spread of the city before reaching port. Closer and closer, unbelieving, you slant down across sparkling rectagonals of yellow light, mark larger gouts of red and blue and wonder what gaiety is there. Propellers retard, the hum changes, body that had seemed weightless feels corporeal again as you come back to the necessity of earth. Suddenly the ship grows desperately heavy and helpless. The broad wing dips below you as if reaching for the ground: she careens reluctantly upon nothing. You have a swift comic view of the tops of people's hats at the hangar—and, after a few soft bounces, are reaching for your own.

Not all the pilgrimages are made to places the world thinks of as famous. I visited a village in Illinois—Walnut, in Bureau County, some fifty miles from Rock Island—which had long been dear to my imagination because it was the birthplace of Don Marquis. Among other sentimental souvenirs of Walnut's most noted son I was shown the drug counter which is still burned and scarred and splintered by an explosion caused by Mr. Marquis when he clerked in the drug-store some forty years ago. As I have the story, young Marquis was working in Nussle's drugstore at night, and planned to startle certain cronies of his by an impromptu release of some chemical hostilities or bombardment of atoms. I am ignorant of the science, but legend is that his mixture was sulphur and potassium chlorate: perhaps some chemist will tell us if that combination is lethal? Whatever it was the young humorist stirred it too hard or used too liberal a quantity. The explosion was definite and strong: the clerk was wafted into the back office where he came to after a considerable swoon, and his customers gained a respect for alchemy which they recall to this day. Not only that, it took the young pharmacist many weeks to earn out the damage. Even forty years after, the antique prescription counter shows plentiful cicatrices of the occasion. Elsewhere in the store, more modern show-cases have been put in, but as the present proprietor said, "It'll be a bad day if we ever have to give up Don's old counter." Though Walnut's distinguished son hasn't visited the old town in many years, they honor the damaged counter for his sake, and when the picture of the Old Soak played Walnut's lively little movie theatre not long ago it was a great event. The big swamp north of town, about which Mr. Marquis wrote many stories, has been drained and is now rich cornfields; the home where our friend was born has burned down, the schoolhouse has been replaced by a much larger modern building, but I can show you the local swimming hole—which still gives joy on hot prairie days to young soaks.

That cornfield country has a beauty of its own, and at night it is magnificent with stars. It occurred to me as reasonable that several great astronomers have come from the Middle West. Certainly the evening some friends drove me back from Walnut to Rock Island was a night of Cavu, and there was Orion—still scouting low above the cornfields but soon to rise and domineer the sky.

Connecticut River: December

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

THERE was the first snow barely frosting the brown grass;
I saw light walking upon the waters of the river,
And the winter snow upon thin white slices, the pushing edges of ice like glass,
And a setter with a pheasant in her mouth, a red-brown river-wet retriever.
She trotted toward a man with a gun, and returned the limp feathers, as he had taught her.
He stroked her head, and the brace of birds in his hand shone slain gold, dead copper,
And he and the dog walked together beside that curled blue water
Until he sighted and fired; then she was off through the willows and nothing could stop her
In the search for another soft mouthful, still twitching with death.
All this seems as it should be, with the first ache of winter upon us, the earliest Medusal stare,
When the blue smoky mountains sleep, with a long sigh, a frigid breath,
And dying is only a matter of a bullet through the air,
—And there is dying everywhere.

The Novel Today

MODERN FICTION: A Study of Values. By Herbert J. Muller. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1937. $2.80.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

THE only real test of a novelist is the completeness with which he communicates deeply-felt experience. All else is incidental—whether he be dadaist or naturalist, optimist or pessimist, humanist or determinist. It is mastery of a medium—any medium—that counts. Little novelists carry messages and peddle values. The great novelist is often stimulated by extra-literary values, political, social, or philosophical, but he knows that (in the words of Thomas Mann) "only the shapes of esthetic creation are impervious to the ravages of time." The subject-matter of "Modern Fiction" is therefore admittedly of secondary importance, for Mr. Muller is "preoccupied with meanings." It has, however, a significant bearing on the history of the novel.

The values Mr. Muller has in mind are in a general way philosophical. He believes that the distinguishing tone of the modern age as reflected in fiction has been an "incertitude" created chiefly by the devastating effects of science upon older faiths. Man's philosophical plight and his attempt to inch his way toward a new "salvation" constitute the theme of Mr. Muller's book. The conclusion is that the "processes of devaluation are still in full swing . . . but more vigorous today are the processes of *revaluation* —the widespread efforts to reconcile, synthesize, and simplify." A simple framework enables the author to organize his materials. He first discusses the modern spirit with special reference to three of its main elements, pessimism, realism, and psychology. In the second part he provides necessary criteria, which he finds implicit in the attitude of the humanist (not to be confused with the New Humanist) who "is interested in all philosophies as in all religions . . . not for their absolute truth but for their possibilities of adaptation to a rich, harmonious way of life." Part Three deals with a score of novelists—English, continental (no Russians), and American—beginning with Flaubert and ending with Wolfe.

Defects in the work are partly attributable to the complexity of the subject. In so vast a field apparent contradictions bob up on all sides. Mr. Muller admirably refrains from coercing his data into a rigid thesis, for "life is an interpenetration of opposites." Yet his impartial treatment of detail occasionally leaves the reader confused. The critic should be more decisive even at the risk of making mistakes. The book as a whole, however, is substantial and unusually readable, a thoroughly stimulating study of a large and perplexing subject.

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200,000 Customers

Harry Scherman and His Book-of-the-Month Club

By BENNETT A. CERF

EVEN as I write this piece, on a crisp, sunny Thanksgiving morning, one of the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Heywood Broun, hovers behind my shoulder, muttering dire predictions should I fail to do my subject justice. Modesty and reticence (singular qualities in a man of his talents and predilections) have hitherto kept Harry Scherman from receiving his due from the bookloving public. It was Harry Scherman who began the Book-of-the-Month Club in 1926 and who has guided its destinies ever since, who earlier disrupted the traditional theory that books could not be sold by mail in this country by his brilliant advertising copy and sound theories of merchandising, and who has now in his spare hours written a sound and crystal-clear book on economics and world finance that is sure to be high on the publishing lists next Spring. Through all his career the personality and integrity of Harry Scherman have been at the root of his success. In his Book-of-the-Month Club, for instance, he has so completely eliminated the personal note that the two publishers whose works have been chosen most frequently are Doubleday, Doran and the Viking Press, whose heads operated the Literary Guild, the Book-of-the-Month Club's sturdiest competitor! But that is the man all through.

Harry Scherman was born in Montreal on February 1, 1887. His mother was English, his father a Welshman who migrated to Canada to open a department store. In 1889, the family moved to Philadelphia, where Harry received his education. At the Central High School there, he had two classmates who also made their marks in later life. The comedian Ed Wynn was one of them, the comedian Alexander Woollcott the other.

Scherman attended the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania for two years, but he was impatient to launch his career, and instead of waiting for a diploma, came in 1907 to New York, at the very time the bank panic was raging. His intense interest in the whole structure and theory of international finance stems from that time.

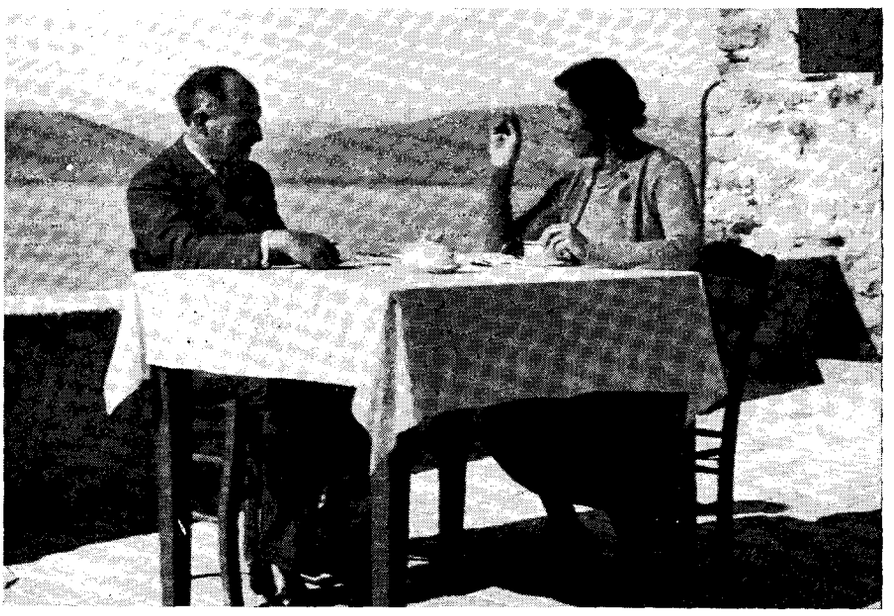
For five years Scherman did freelance newspaper work, and wrote a formidable quantity of stories and plays on which his record was a perfect one hundred percent. He never sold one of them. And then in 1912, Harry Scherman and the noble profession of advertising discovered one another. Mail. order copy was just beginning in those days; the firm of Ruthrauff and Ryan was not yet even recognized as an agency when Scherman joined their staff. By 1915 he had learned so much about the art of selling things by mail, that the J. Walter Thompson agency sought him out at a salary that then seemed colossal to him. It was in this year that he invented for the Mennen Company the figure of "Jim Henry, Salesman," and wrote copy for the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

In 1914, Harry Scherman met and married Bernadine Kielty, just down from Wellesley, and teaching English in an orphan asylum at Pleasantville, New York. Twenty-three years later, Scherman still declares that this was the luckiest thing that ever happened in his life. The Schermans became part of an interesting group that centered about the home of the art instructor at the Asylum, George Cronyn (twelve years later 60,000 copies of Cronyn's novel, "Fool of Venus," were to be distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club). Here gathered each weekend an eager young group that dreamed fine dreams and planned big things. Walter Lippmann railed against precisely the sort of reactionary tooting that he is turning out himself today in his books and columns. Phil Moeller, Eddie Goodman, and Josephine Meyer talked of founding a new theatre group. (They did. Today it is called the Theatre Guild.) Albert and Charles Boni, their Liveright still beyond the horizon, envisaged a publishing house that would strike out in new directions. Here, one weekend, Charlie Boni showed Scherman a miniature copy of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," bound in sheepskin. Scherman examined it with minute care. The Little Leather Library was the result.

A great deal of the credit for the launching of the Little Leather Library should go to the Whitman Candy Company. Scherman showed their advertising staff his single copy of "Romeo" and sold them the idea of giving one with every pound of candy they produced in a new container called "The Library Package." He left them with an order for a thousand copies each of fifteen titles at ten cents a copy net. A new corporation was formed by Scherman, Boni, and Max Sackheim, a fellow copy-writer at the Thompson agency. And Lawdy, how the business rolled in! Woolworth's used a million copies the first year. Before the Little Leather Library had exhausted its major possibilities, forty million books had been sold, and the list of titles had grown to a hundred. Sackheim and Scherman had set up a mail order advertising agency of their own, and were turning out copy for the *Review of Reviews* and Nelson Doubleday that was laden with dynamite. (Scherman showed the dubious Mr. Doubleday that books of even Joseph Conrad, a so-called "highbrow" author, could be sold by mail.) Boni deserted little leather books to launch Boni and Liveright on its spectacular career, and Robert Haas joined the corporation to take over its executive management. That was in 1923. By 1925, it was apparent that mail order sales were costing too much, and that the Little Leather Library had had its day. And in 1925, Mr. Haas and Mr. Scherman pulled the Book-of-the-Month Club out of their hats.

The Book-of-the-Month Club was dedicated to the proposition that it was possible to sell *new* books by mail. How soundly and cannily it was organized is attested to by the fact that, save in one or two minor details, it operates today in exactly the same way that it did when it started. The judges are the same. The method of selection is the same. And the basic advertising copy is the same inspired circular that Harry Scherman

(*Continued on page* 28)



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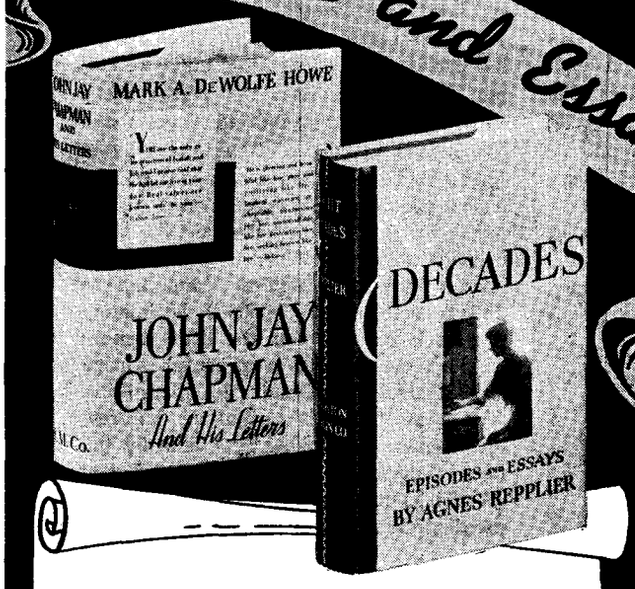

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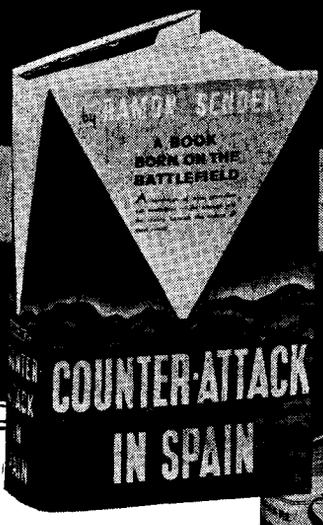

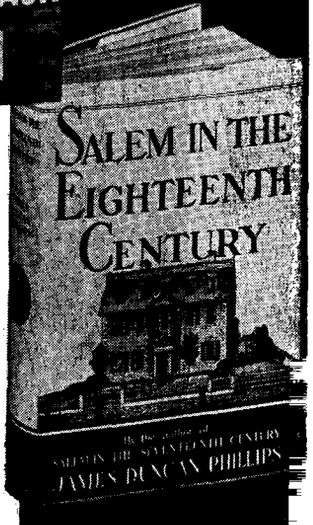

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Jingle Bells

(*Continued from page 4*)

structed the Christmases of his boyhood, in Massachusetts in the 1850's. Joel's were bright days of stockings stuffed with candy, raisins, and popcorn balls; a book ("Elvira got the best one, which was 'The Garland of Frien'ship,' and had poems in it about the bleeding of hearts and so forth"); a sled ("Did you ever slide down hill, Santa Claus?").

Other visits of that rotund bearer of gifts Field chronicled with persistent winningness. The little toy dog yet stands sturdy and staunch; and the tear is not quite glucose as one counts the treasures "o'er with care,—The little toy my darling knew, A little sock of faded blue, A little lock of golden hair." Even the Devil cannot escape the sweetness of Field's Christmases. When (in "The Divell's Chrystmass") that evil party chooses to walk the earth on a day which he should have observed by staying home—"wit ye well that how evill soever ye harte of man ben at other seasons, it is tofilled at ye Chrystmass time with charity and love, like as if it had sanctified by ye exceeding holiness of that feast. . . . Right wroth was ye Divell, therefore, when that he knew this ben ye Chrystmass time." And ye Divell, in a little while feigning to be of pleasant mind and gentle purpose, plies many people with artful discourse. Comporting with his kingly rank in Hell, his arguments are of the economic-royalist variety: "How that by idleness or by righteous dispensation had ye poore become poore, and that, soche being the will of God, it was an evil and rebellious thing against God to seek to minister consolation to these poore peoples. Soche like specious arguments did ye Divell use to gain his diabolical ends. . . . " But in the heavenly air of that day his intent ultimately becomes "ye gracious desire to give an alms." Alas, he has none. When presently he meets a beggar child who beseeks charity, "ye Divell whipped out a knife and cut off his own tayle, which tayle ye Divell gave to ye beggar childe, for he had not else to give for a lyttle trinket toy to make merry with."

Probably the worst Christmas story in American literature—not with the beautiful badness of Cooglerian verse, but dully infuriating—is, not unexpectedly, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Implicit are the tight waists and the little misses' boas; Elsie Dinsmore's pappa and the governess; the flannel nightgowns and the duty kiss. Our little Mildred Wentworth is alone this Christmas afternoon among her treasures, a nice bagging of pretties, "the looms of Cashmere and the workshops of Germany, the patient Chinaman and the irresponsible polar bear, had alike contributed" to their fabrication. There is also a small square box; "when you loosened the catch of this box, possibly supposing it to contain bonbons of a superior quality, there sprang forth a terrible little monster, with a drifting white beard like a snow-storm, round emerald-green eyes, and a pessimistic expression of countenance generally. . . . This abrupt personage, whose family name was Heliogabalus, was known for simplicity's sake as Jumping Jack." Mildred dreams; and Ho! Ho! our Heliogabalus cries, "in a voice preternaturally gruff for an individual not above five inches in height." The imp smashes Mildred's Dresden tea-set, capers rudely, makes amorous advances toward a lady toy (that is: "'I came to request the hand of mademoiselle yonder,' and, nodding his head in the direction of Blondella, the doll, he retreated bashfully"). Ultimately the lid is hasped over the little demon; Mildred wakens to a peaceful sunset, whole crockery, inanimate mannikins. "After an instant's hesitation, Mildred, unconsciously dragging Blondella by the hair, stole softly from the room." But Aldrich is not so Arab; he lingers to state the diagnosis: The analysis of Miss Wentworth's dream . . . shows strong traces of a moral. Indeed, the residuum is purely of that stringent quality. Heliogabalus must be accepted as the symbol of an ill-considered desire realized. . . . I know a great many persons who are spending the latter moiety of life in the endeavor to get their particular Jumping Jack snugly back in the box.

In homefolksy rebuke of such admonitions, to a world of curls and sashes on Sundays, of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia" in the parlor and "The Life of Daniel Boone" in the haymow, of castor oil after the green apples, Field wrote "Jest 'Fore Christmas"—

"Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of of candies, cakes, and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
And don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes"—

which promptly moved beside Spartacus and Casabianca as one of the preferred pieces in the swan-days of Christmas declamations. No such familiarity has abraded the riotous malice of Field's story of the Very Good Boy and the Very Bad Boy. It is included in his "Tribune Primer"; and every bachelor uncle should know it by heart, for its recital evokes great joy in tots and anguish in mothers. The Lord of Misrule triumphs; the spitwad expert and pigtail-puller sleeps, on the most important of nights, with one eye open; and, instanter that Santa Claus has disappeared up the chimney, transfer's Santa's just distribution of reward and birch. The lad has a very enjoyable Christmas day with his presents while good brother George gets the switching.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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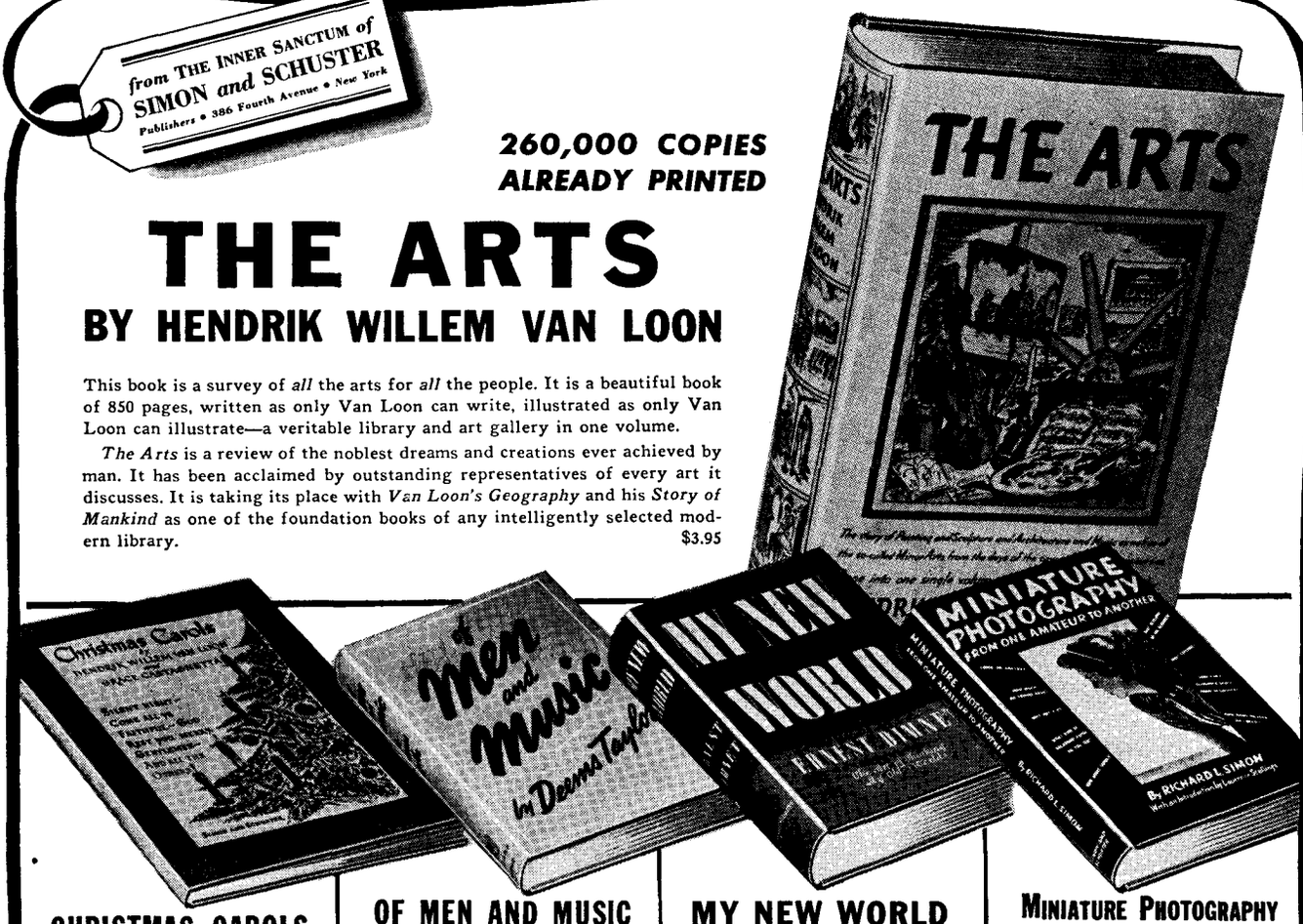

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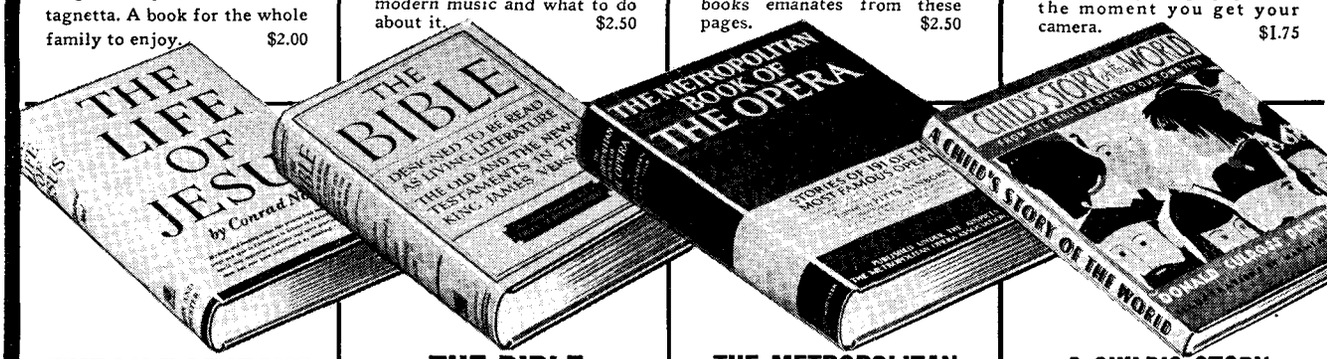
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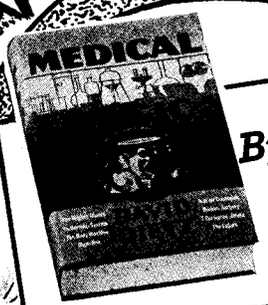

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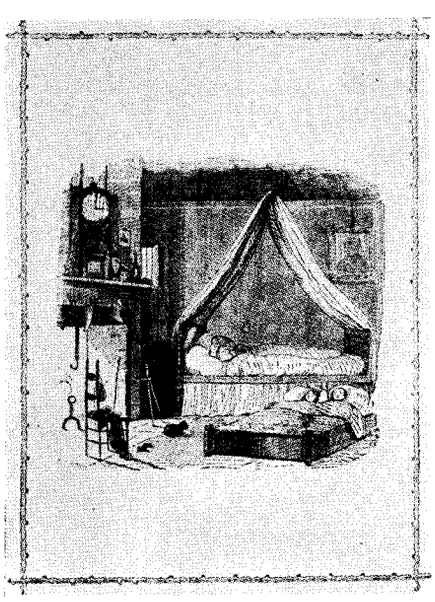
Jingle Bells

(*Continued from page 20*)

The Christmas spirit transmuted one editorial, out of the thousands written by Francis P. Church for the New York *Sun*, into a golden perennial. Yes, Virginia: "He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy." Perhaps the answer was too serene. Church might have written: "There may be, Virginia. But of your generation one child in twenty will not live until he is five, when he might find out if there is a Santa Claus. Thousands of other children will not know, because they are too busy; they are working in textile mills, and when they get sleepy the overseer dashes cold water on their faces; they are crouched over coal chutes; they are trying so hard to keep pace with machines that do not get tired. A few people in this country and a few in Spain are preparing to have a great many people killing one another; and a gun may kill a Santa Claus." But, so much better for Christmas and for childhood, the farther vision: "Alas! how dreary would the world be if there were no Santa Claus!"

The prescribed aperient for an overdiet of sentimentalism is Ambrose Bierce's "The Little Story." It is not well mannered; it is the eructation in the tea-room of holiday belles lettres. Christmas and the moustached Jove were not affinities; Bierce maintained an alarmed silence. His ghosts walk on other nights; his corpses moulder in the warm months beloved of maggots. "Christmas" is not even in "The Devil's Dictionary." "The Little Story," following this taboo, is laid on New Year's Eve; but it is unmistakably a Christmas story. A small female orphan is standing at one of San Francisco's busiest corners. The happy throng is speeding by with toys and confections for the dear ones at home; as for our girl, the chilling rain is toying soppily with her hair, the night wind is searching her tattered garments, and she is very hungry. The hours glide by. Suddenly, exploding on the night with a deep metallic boom, a great globe of sound falls from the church tower; and all the bells and clocks ring in the holiday. At the midnight stroke angels overhear our orphan's wishing-reverie. Presently, as from the cloud a cranberry tart drops at her feet; as the delighted orphan stoops to retrieve it a veal sandwich whizzes down, cuffing one of her ears. "Next a wheaten loaf made her dodge nimbly, and then a broad ham fell flat-footed at her toes. A sack of flour burst in the middle of the street; a side of bacon impaled itself on an iron hitching-post. . . . Then there was a lull—nothing came down but dried fish, cold puddings and flannel under-clothing; but presently her wishes began to take effect again, and a quarter of beef descended with terrific momentum upon the top of the little orphan's head." The bounteous cataract of gifts is removed next morning by thrifty merchants; and "when they got down to the wicked little orphan who had not been content with her lot someone brought a broom, and she was carefully swept and smoothed out."



DRAWING BY BOYD, FROM "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

So much for what might pass as an eschatalogical fancy on the Most Abundant Life. The American classic in the short story of Christmas setting is, of course, a story of sacrifice (on the order of the famous Christmas scene in "Little Women"), the story of Della and Jim, poignant and even hallowed by its irony. Jim, his gold watch sold, bearing as his gift the set of combs, beautiful in their pure tortoise shell and jeweled rims, combs just the shade to be worn in Della's hair; and Della, counting her dollar and eighty-seven cents ("And sixty cents of it was in pennies"), Della standing before the mirror ("So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her"), Della's sale of that brown cascade for twenty dollars, and her purchase of the platinum fob chain for Jim—"Of all who give and receive gifts, they are the wisest. . . . They are the magi." Of the Christmas ritual of giving O. Henry had fashioned the surprise that is no surprise, the all-the-year story of loving so much and having so little. He made scant use of Christmas in other stories. "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking" is trivial stuff; the season serves merely, along with the "sweet, dazzling smile" of the planter's daughter, as a motive for Whistling Dick's snitch on his brother 'boes. The unfinished Christmas story found among O. Henry's papers was a mistake; that is perhaps why it was left unfinished. The second paragraph begins: "Me, I am for the Scrooge and Marley Christmas story, and the Annie and Willie's prayer poem, and the long lost son coming home on the stroke of twelve to the poorly thatched cottage with his arms full of talking dolls and popcorn balls and—Zip! you hear the second mortgage on the cottage go flying off it into the deep snow."

ILLUSTRATION FOR IRVING'S "OLD CHRISTMAS"

Important, very, for the nine Ruggleses of that most beguiling of American Christmas juveniles, Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Bird's Christmas Carol." Time has its patina on that little book; and the by-phrase which once sugared conversations about almost anything—"A little of both, if you please, an' I'm much obliged"—is now sacheted in the highboy with the bustle and the hair-wreath. A whimsy-loving radiorator might well remind a younger generation of the redoubtable Mrs. Bird, who never allowed her babies to go over night unnamed; of the ethereal Carol, inevitably to die in that room stuffed with blooming plants, maiden-hair ferns, lovebirds and canaries, books, pillows, carpets, and whatnots; of the nine little proletarians who troop to Carol's Christmas party after Mrs. Ruggles has dressed the lot, toned down their complexions with Bristol brick from the knife-board, put them all through dress rehearsal. . . . Once people discussed feelingly the "Lady or the Tiger" problem of American Christmas literature: did the little Birdling, the moment before she flew away, hear the choir in the church next door singing her request number?

That tenderhearted fraud, Colonel Carter of Cartersville; the prince of village monologists, David Harum; the little dog Satan who scampers through John Fox's "Christmas Night"—these and other likeable Christmas-folk of American letters may be passed by, while a horde of little slum-brats make shrill and irresistible demand on one's reading-time. They are in the twelve or thirteen Christmas stories written by Jacob Riis at the turn of the century. Riis had little literary craft, but the passionate sincerity that makes its own art. Some of the stories are viscous enough to candy a flapjack; it doesn't

(*Continued on page 28*)

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The Amen Corner

"Let festive glee th'enliven'd village raise."

—Selborne Hanger.

Christmas has come again, and if you want to give a charming small present, we advise *The Natural History of Selborne*, by Gilbert White, which is now in the *World's Classics*.[1]

For the lover of modern poetry there is a remarkably interesting volume of verse just out, *Reading the Spirit*,[2] by Richard Eberhart, a young American poet, who was born in Minnesota and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1926. After a few months' experience in business, he started round the world on a tramp freighter. By way of China, the Philippines and Sumatra, he arrived at St. John's College, Cambridge, which he left with a B.A. in 1929. After varied adventures, including a period as tutor in the household of King Prajadhipok of Siam, Mr. Eberhart went to St. Mark's School where he has taught in the English Department for the past four years.

A book we have been reading with much curiosity is *Arthur Rimbaud in Abyssinia*, by Enid Starkie.[3] Most people know that Rimbaud, the French poet, ceased writing poetry at the age of 19 and took to a life of not very reputable adventure which led him, eventually, to Abyssinia and the Somali coast, where he was engaged mysteriously during the 'eighties of last century. Not so many people know that he became deeply envolved in illegitimate gun-running, and had considerable part in the slave-trade.

And here is the perfect present for a "lady"—*The Finer Cooking* or Dishes for Parties by X. M. Boulestin,[4] the famous London chef (like all famous London chefs, he is a Frenchman). He approves so highly of giving parties that he declares "there is an excuse even for a cocktail party." *The Finer Cooking* is in two volumes—one for the lady of the house, full of anecdotes, and decorations by J. E. Laboureur—and the other for the cook, with a washable binding and containing only the receipts. These are numbered in both volumes, so that the mistress need only send the cook the *numbers* of the receipts she decides on.

Have you read *I Find Australia*,[5] by William Hatfield? It is a personal record of an Englishman who, after working his passage to Australia and working at every kind of job—horsebreaker, station bookkeeper, miner's cook, dingo trapper, carpenter, bricklayer, painter, mechanic—finally, during the depression wrote a novel which took Australia by storm. Australian editors say that Hatfield knows Australia better than any man writing today, and this book is his own story of how he came by that knowledge. It is also one of the most warmly engrossing books you could give almost any man.

By the way, we were pleased to learn that it was an *Oxford* Bible which Mr. Simon gave Mr. Schuster for his own library—the great *Oxford Lectern Bible* designed by Bruce Rogers.[6]

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(1) 80c each. Write for list. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $2.50. (3) $3.00. (4) $5.00. (5) $3.00. (6) $265.00. Prospectus on request.

Jingle Bells

(*Continued from page 24*)

matter. They capture irrevocably urchins with noses flattened in ecstasy against the frozen pane of a toyshop; a little girl rushing the beer-pitcher to the corner saloon for her mother's Christmas beverage; the pushcarts decorated with fir-branches, and the huckster's torches flaring at the street corners; the polyglot Christmas festival at a Bowery church. The stories have, as the author's career had, emanations of the subtle trinity of the Christmas spirit: the Child, the Cross, and the query. The query was put with simple brevity by John Bannister Tabb, on Christmas day of 1894:

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
  But far from home today,
Comes down to find His ball, the earth,
  That sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

But we do not play ball any more; we pay, at stadium or cathedral, to have specialists do it. Depersonalized giving—Federal WPA Project soandso, and the technique of the bank-check—has inevitably chilled that radiant warmth which danced between Carol Bird and the nine little Ruggleses. In much of our Christmas literature home has been the magic circle that on Christ's day shone like a joyful halo; now, when the price of the entree determines the price of the meal and the gifte shoppe stays open until midnight on the twenty-fourth, railway conductors need not pretend that the club car is a family party. Cocktails and the gynecocracy have lent the day connotations of self-indulgence and the give-me racket not yet adequately hymned in our belles-lettres. "The Night Before Christmas" might not be faring well this season without the newness of the Birch illustrations; for its St. Nicholas is so simply, uncomplicatedly jovial. The twinkling eyes, the merry dimples, the broad face, and the little round belly, are all of a piece. Rewriting may be indicated to lend Santa Claus the eccentric ways, the neurotic unpredictableness, of the currently delightful Mary Poppins. In last year's December *Esquire* Santa Claus revealed a willing weakness to lose his trousers; and in this season's magazine advertisements, he is contemplating the purchase of an electric razor.

Since the dreadful days of the "Christmas in the Trenches" stories and verse, there have been some rememberable Christmas items in American letters. The best of them—for instance, Heywood Broun's "The Shepherd" and Willis Cooper's script for the radio program "Lights Out" in the holiday week of 1935—hearken, for their locale as well as for the spiritual ingredient, back to the stable at Bethlehem. The diminished place of the American scene in American Christmas literature will become a reversed tendency when the scene again deserves Christmas. This afternoon a lovely, covetable girl is boning up in her Amer. Lit.; there will be finals in January. She has just finished reading O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi"; and her kissable face reflects genuine puzzlement. She is saying to herself, "What the hell did they do that for?"

E. Douglas Branch is professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh.

200,000 Customers

(*Continued from page 17*)

wrote in 1926. The first Book Club choice was Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Lolly Willowes." It went to four thousand subscribers. Today the Club has over two hundred thousand members. An average of eighty thousand copies of each monthly selection is distributed. Thousands of other new books are bought by members who have come to rely on the sane and illuminating reviews that they read in Scherman's monthly bulletin. The Club has distributed over *ten million* new books in the past five years in every hamlet and one-horse town in America, in every country in the world. Publishers, once suspicious of its intentions and skeptical of its ability to carry them out, now submit the manuscripts of their most famous authors, and turn handsprings with delight when one of their books is chosen (a selection means anywhere from twelve to twenty thousand dollars, which is divided by the author and the publisher, plus a healthy send-off for the book in regular bookstore channels). The lucky authors and the judges are cheered by the multitude, publicized and coddled. The man who runs the show, by his own choice, stands quietly to one side, unknown to the world, dismissing with a deprecatory chuckle any suggestion that he has accomplished in the book world what no one has been able to accomplish before him.

The Scherman family lives in a modest apartment on Riverside Drive, near Columbia University. There are two children. Katharine is a senior at Swarthmore. Thomas has just been graduated from Columbia, and is a pianist of rare promise. Mrs. Scherman is one of the editors of *Story* Magazine. The Schermans' greatest hobby is bridge, where Harry employs a wild and hair-raising bidding system that bewilders almost everybody, particularly Mrs. Scherman. An evening at the Scherman house invariably provides some good music and exhilarating conversation.

Summers the Schermans spend at Bernardsville, New Jersey, in a fine old house that has neither electric light nor telephone. Scherman's private lake is well stocked with wild fowl presented to him by thoughtful friends. At fifty, he still plays a sound brand of tennis and a slashing and ruthless game of croquet.

I think he's the happiest man I know.

Bennett A. Cerf is president of Random House and the Modern Library.

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Out of the most glamorous years of Parisian life come THE GONCOURT JOURNALS, by **Edmond and Jules de Goncourt,** at last made available in English by Lewis Galantiere. These intimate and scandalous diaries bring before us the famous figures of Paris in the golden middle decades of the last century—Zola, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Gautier. A superb gift for anyone interested in literature. $3.50

Hugh Walpole's new novel, JOHN CORNELIUS, has a special interior interest for those with a knowledge of literature. As Frank Swinnerton says, "Those who think it is as simple as it seems will do well to look a little closer." Written with passionate sincerity and long sweep—well over one hundred and fifty thousand words in length—*John Cornelius* is a novel to stand beside *Rogue Herries, The Duchess of Wrexe, Fortitude.* $3.00

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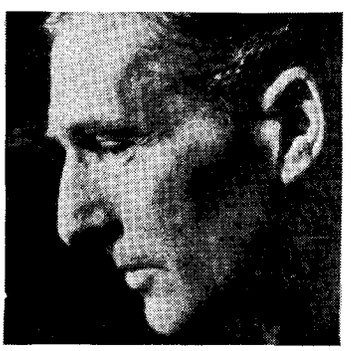

One of the greatest of contemporary observers, **Philip Gibbs** tells the story of the year in which England saw three Kings on her throne and faced a world of gathering chaos. "A fascinating panorama of the current situation by one who is fearless and who feels that now it can be told, no matter whom it offends."—Chicago *Journal of Commerce.* ORDEAL IN ENGLAND, illus., by Edgar Lander. $3

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Close to History

UPPER MISSISSIPPI: A Wilderness Saga. By Walter Havighurst. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

"OF TIME AND THE RIVERS" might have been the title, adapted from Thomas Wolfe's already famous one, for the series of books in which American novelists and poets will explore our native history, following its movement up the streams and back into the hills. Walter Havighurst's "Upper Mississippi" is the second of these interpretive studies. "Kennebec: Cradle of Americans," by Robert P. T. Coffin, was the first. These volumes have set a high standard for the series. In each of them a poetic mind has played over the liveliest kind of folklore, warming up old tales to bring out the bouquet of a rich and flavorsome life.

Mr. Havighurst's part of the story, dealing with the days when America was "mad with youth," has its background in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas. The characters are chiefly the Swedes and Norskies who were drawn, in their migration, to the Middle West because its scene reminded them of home. The incidents are the familiar, but always dramatic, ones of the farmer's staunch and stubborn struggle with an environment in which nature permits herself the most violent expressions of temperament. In one season she blisters the land with heat and in another buries it under snow so deep that pioneers were frozen to death a few feet from their own doors. The plagues of grasshoppers and the great fires periodically made perverse caricatures of the look of smiling graciousness which, at its best, the Midwestern country wears.

Yet in the midst of these blighting whimsicalities, the Norskies and the Swedes created a life of dignity and security. They caught at prosperity in periods of graciousness and made it steadily increase. The most readily assimilable of all the foreign groups, the Scandinavians, early made their way of life an American way. Souvenirs of their parenthood lingered in their speech and there were fond backward glances toward the old folk ways and customs; but they thought of themselves as Americans from the moment their new homes had been built.

Many of the figures in Mr. Havighurst's book are historical. The author of "Upper Mississippi" satisfies at last one's curiosity as to who were the actual leaders of the migration. The novelist in Mr. Havighurst ably supports the historian. In Peder Wold he has created an imaginary, but typical figure, through whose life it is easy to dramatize the interests, the emotions, and the trials of the pioneers.

"Upper Mississippi" is a symphonic poem, bringing in all the themes that represent Midwestern life: the sound of laboring oxen, the ring of axes in the forests, the shouts of the loggers. The legends come into the development, and at the end some echoes of the achievements of men like Lindbergh, Veblen, and Rolvaag.

History is not remote in Minnesota. One feels close linked to it whenever one touches the hand of a man who has seen the early chapters of its settlement by white man. Sitting beside Professor Rolvaag by a Minnesota lake, hearing him talk serenely of his life and quite as serenely of the death he knew was approaching, one has sensed the dignity of the past. Talking to an old logger who at ninety takes an unregenerate delight in the thought of how his crew used to ward off weariness by pouring alcohol into snow-filled mouths, one has become aware of the drive and drama of the past. Mr. Havighurst has got it all into his fine book.

James Gray is literary editor of the St. Paul Dispatch.

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "UPPER MISSISSIPPI"

Actors on Acting

PLAYERS AT WORK. By Morton Eustis. New York: Theatre Arts, Inc. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

PROBABLY as much nonsense, not a little of it extremely highfaluting nonsense, has been written about acting as about any subject of similar importance; one nurses, sometimes, the mildly ugly suspicion that *all* which has been written about acting is nonsense. And yet it is natural that we should want to find out how they do it. Its sleight of hand is infinitely challenging. How did Miss Katharine Cornell, playing Juliet, make herself an eager girl of sixteen with all life ahead and all dreams bright? How did Miss Helen Hayes suddenly make herself grow tall in "Mary of Scotland," so that her unhappy queen was of a sudden both stately and beautiful? What are these tricks they play?

A great many observers of the theater, and almost all its critics, have at odd moments speculated on these matters, producing theories even odder than the moments. Mr. Eustis thought it might be revealing to go around to some of our actors and ask. So he asked Miss Hayes, Miss Cornell, the Lunts, Nazimova, Burgess Meredith, Ina Claire, and, for some reason, Fred Astaire, how they did it. He persuaded Lotte Lehmann to write a special chapter on the singing actor. And so how did Miss Hayes make herself tall?

"Size, like character," Miss Hayes told Mr. Eustis, "is mental. You can make yourself taller on the stage. You can make the audience see, or think they see, what isn't there. How, I don't quite know. Magic, perhaps, plus technique." Mr. Eustis set it down, together with many other observations from the rest. They all believe, for example, that no actor should really feel the emotions he is portraying. They think directors are helpful, but some think directors are more helpful than others think they are. Some of them learn the lines first and some learn them last; most study the character to be acted before anything else, but one or two just let the character seep through as time passes.

How do the actors do it? Why, bless them, they don't know any more than we do. You just sort of get up and act.

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The long-awaited "story of the man in his time"—exciting scholars and laymen alike—probably the last word on a human comet in Elizabethan skies. "One of the most charmingly readable books that has come my way in a very long time."—Prof. C. F. Tucker Brooke, of Yale University. *Illus.* $3.75.

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The winning story of a family you could know—a first novel favorite—recommended by friend to grateful friend. "A discovery and a delight," says the Herald Tribune; "to read it is to wonder before the shimmer and tang of everyday life." *3rd Ptg.* $2.50.

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H. P. Smolka's book-scoop about Russia's polar empire—"certainly one of the year's great pieces of reporting."—NEA. "The whole enthralling story of how a modern nation has blasted through an ice wall that has baffled mankind for centuries." *Illus.* $3.50.

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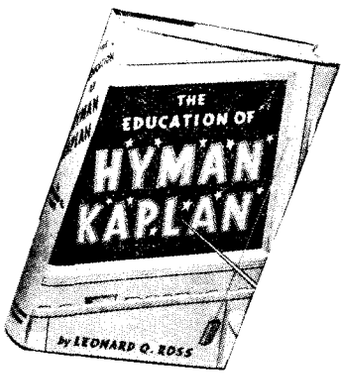
by Leonard Q. Ross

THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N



Hyman Kaplan, introduced to "Literature" in Night School, interprets the classics of the English language with amazing gusto and originality. "It is no mere nonsense book—it is classic laughter worthy to follow in the footsteps of the writer Mr. Kaplan knew as 'Mocktvain'."—*Forum.* $2.00

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by Sylvia Chatfield Bates

THE LONG WAY HOME

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in English

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"Demands attention as the through whose eyes Ameri *week.* This unique study is v paper men who cover the Its facts and findings are alr

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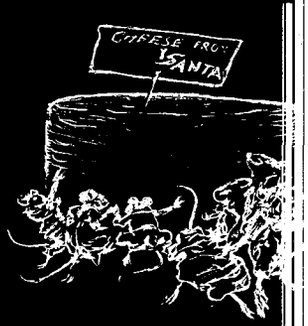

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THE author, son of the physician at the Court of Old Russia, knew the Czar's daughter, before and after the Revolution, better than any other person now living. A convincing story alive with thrills and novel situations.

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N. Y. Herald Tribune Says:

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THE READER PRESS, 49 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Scientist and Reformer

OUT OF MY LIFE AND WORK. By August Forel. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

IN the brief preface to these posthumously published memoirs, we read:

> I have made so many friends and enemies that I have felt afraid that my obituary would be tendentious in one sense or another. For this reason I have preferred to write my own memoirs; especially as I flatter myself that I neither undervalue nor overvalue myself. Many readers will take offence at my opinions, and this I sincerely regret. But to tell the truth when it must be told, and yet hurt no one's feelings, is an art which is beyond my capacities, and I cannot get out of my own skin, nor do I wish to do so.

These words are characteristic of the man and find justification in the pages of his life story. The famous Swiss scientist and social reformer stays in his own skin in his autobiography. He had his quarrels, here remembered with little or no apology, but they were largely incidental to the intensity of his interests, the strength of his convictions, and the indefatigable zeal with which he devoted himself to his various pursuits and causes. Where he hated, it was stupidity and cruelty that he hated rather than individuals, but the individuals did not always escape his wrath.

Of the period just before he resigned the directorship of the Burghölzli Asylum for mental patients, he writes: "The management of the asylum, my professorship, the scientific and practical developments of hypnotism, the drink problem, the Ellikon sanitorium, the Good Templars, social ethics, the problem of prostitution, my work on the ants and other scientific research—all this was too much for one man." None of these activities was a matter to which he gave merely casual attention, but each seemed to compete for full and undivided attention. Even in the later years of his life, after a paralytic stroke which forced him into partial retirement, he still busied himself with his beloved ants, with promotion of total abstinence, with plans for world peace, with propaganda in favor of international socialism, with revision of his books on "The Ants of Switzerland," "Hypnotism and Psychotherapy," and "The Sexual Problem," and with the preparation of his autobiography. What a man!

Forel's was a life of incessant work. He did not seem to know the meaning of play in the ordinary sense. On a trip to Colombia he found a new species of ant under a stone in the courtyard, but in the very moment of discovery felt annoyed that people in the neighboring inn were dancing and having a gay time. Of course, his varied interests were his recreations, though it is a little difficult to tell which were his vocations and which his avocations. As an entomologist he became world-famous. As a psychiatrist he also gained renown, and while in some respects he was an advanced thinker, in this field he apparently had his blind spots. He instituted reforms in the direction of "the no-restraint system" in hospital care and pioneered in occupational therapy. The chief causes of mental disease, he believed, were heredity and alcohol. He "utterly rejected Freud's exaggerations in respect of infantile sexuality, dream-interpretation, and the like."

Rarely has the influence of childhood impressions and experiences been so clearly reflected in a man's later career as in the case of August Forel. As a child he had nobody to play with, so began at the age of five or six his observations of ants. Sex curiosity was frowned upon and repressed, and he became an extraordinarily prudish youth; his later writings on sex and sex education are important contributions to the literature of the subject. With incredulous surprise, as a boy, he had heard his mother speak of the magnetic cures (*à la* Mesmer) which her father had effected; he became one of the leading students and practitioners of hypnotism as a means of treating neurotic and mental disorders. He was shocked by the drinking that went on in his father's vineyards, and afterwards became an ardent advocate of total abstinence—almost violently hostile to the temperance movement.

This may not be one of the great autobiographies, since there is more of event and opinion than of experience and thought, but it is certainly the autobiography—and a singularly revealing one—of an interesting and significant personality who had his aspects and moments of greatness.

Raymond G. Fuller is a sociologist, journalist, and author of numerous books on child labor and kindred subjects.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 192)

ROBERT BROWNING—"PARACELSUS"

So in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.

. . . . . .

They grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good.

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Men will enjoy this unusual autobiography—the record of a full life, lived on four continents by a man who as a mining engineer and editor has long been in the forefront of his field. Illustrated. $3.00

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HELP YOURSELF TO HAPPINESS

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This helpful book offers private consultations with an eminent practical psychologist who discusses personal problems and gives specific, step-by-step methods for overcoming neurotic difficulties that prevent so many normal people from becoming happily adjusted to life.

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YOURS TO VENTURE

By Robert R. Updegraff

This is the ideal book to give any ambitious young person. "The book deserves a big sale because it is so superior to most books that attempt to tell people how to get the most out of themselves and life."—*William Feather.*

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YOUR DIET AND YOUR HEALTH

By Morris Fishbein, M.D.

Your friends who have to watch what they eat (or give their families to eat) will appreciate this new book, in which a noted doctor tells what everyone needs to know about daily food and its effect. Fascinating to read, valuable for daily use.

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BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

First Choices

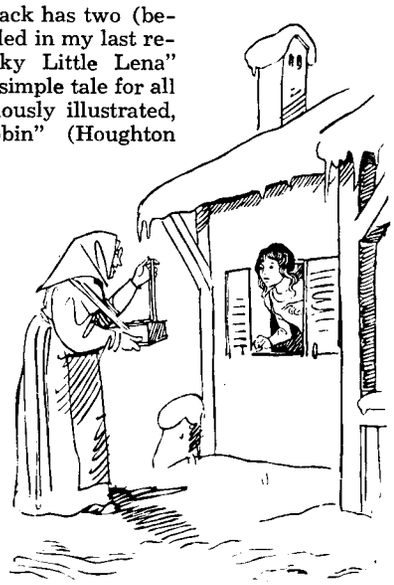
IN the last Children's Bookshop, I mentioned the eternal appeal to children of animal books. Well, here are two outstanding ones: "Animals of the Bible," by Dorothy P. Lathrop, with text selected by Helen Dean Fish from the King James Bible (Stokes: $2), and "Sam," by Edward Quigley and John Crawford (Stackpole: $2.50). Dorothy Lathrop's pictures have great distinction and beauty, and a gallery of animals that includes the ravens that fed Elijah, Abraham's ram, the Scapegoat, Balaam's ass, Behemoth, Leviathan, Isaac's camels, etc., is obviously a distinguished one. No better introduction to the splendid language of the Bible, for a small child, could be imagined. "Sam" is another cat book, but in this case the cat is photographed throughout, and with memorable art. The text is, moreover, more observant of actual cat-life than the average. In the realm of fairy tale and legend I nominate the new edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales, issued by Stackpole Sons ($2.75), illustrated by Fritz Kredel, whom some consider the greatest living woodcutter. "The White Stag," by Kate Seredy, strikingly illustrated by the author (Viking Press: $2), tells the epic story of the migration of the Huns and Magyars (the author's remote ancestors). Letterpress and illustration are all of a piece, both decorative and dramatic.

For somewhat older children, and important for school reading, is Gertrude Hartman's "Medieval Days and Ways" (Macmillan: $2.50). It tells how people lived in Europe during the Middle Ages, and is packed with information, both textual and pictorial. Two other Macmillan books above the average are "Tommy Thatcher Goes to Sea," by Berta and Elmer Hader (for boys and girls of from eight to twelve: $2), a good story unusually well illustrated in water-color; and "Alice-All-by-Herself," by Elizabeth Coatsworth, the poet, whose children's books have been so delightful and successful. This is for children the same age as the other, at the same price, with pictures by Marguerite de Angeli. The Domino Press, which was the first publishing house to issue children's books in Paris for simultaneous publication in France, England, and America, now brings out in New York "The Voyages of Jacques Cartier" ($3), which is the authentic story of that courageous French sea-captain who sailed beyond Newfoundland to seek the Northwest Passage to China, and found the St. Lawrence River. Here, as the story is retold by Esther Averill and illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky, it has a special attraction. For very little folk the most artistic flat books are (1) the first of a series about a gnome named Pixie Pete, "Pixie Pete's Christmas Party," by Sam Berman and Phineas O'Mellish, (Modern Age Books, Inc.: 25c), all fantastic pictures in color that remind me somewhat of the art of Lawson Wood, and (2) "Suki: The Siamese Pussy," by Leonard Weisgard (Thomas Nelson & Sons: $2), which, though rather affected in its text, is lively and artistic in its decoration. Such then are my first choices.

More Animals

And now I shall retrace my steps and discuss some other animal books for the very young. Marjorie Flack has two (besides the one recommended in my last review). They are "Lucky Little Lena" (Macmillan: $1), a very simple tale for all small city children, copiously illustrated, and "The Restless Robin" (Houghton Mifflin: $1.50), which is really informative about robins and other birds, as well as bright with color. Sanford Tousey, who draws horses particularly well, and formerly gave us "Jerry and the Pony Express" among other children's books, tells the tale of "Chinky the Banker Pony" (Doubleday, Doran: $1), a native of Chincoteague Island. "The Fisherman and His Cat" is written and pictured by Josephine De Witt (Thomas Nelson & Sons: $1.25) and features an enormous fish known as Heywood, which somehow inevitably suggests a famous New York colyumnist! "Sammy Squirrel Goes to Town," by Elizabeth Honness and Pelagie Doane (also Thomas Nelson: $1.50), is an original sort of animal story, and "Pepe and The Parrot," by Ellis Credle (Thomas Nelson: $2) about a little Mexican dog—the color scheme being all red and green—is more individual than either, text and pictures blending to excellent effect.

Modern Age Books publishes at 75c "You are . . ." by Emery J. Gondor, something new in puzzle books for children by a fantastic artist who is a favorite with the youth of Europe. These forty-nine picture puzzles, in black and white and bright color, will even challenge the wits of a parent or two. For little girls, the charming small book about "Marta," written by Marguerite Vance and illustrated by Mildred Boyle (Harper: $1), is to be recommended; and a Minnesota Norwegian who was encouraged by no less a writer than O. E. Rolvaag, Olav K. Lundeberg, gives us "The Enchanted Valley"—a charming story and legend of Christmas in Telemark in the old time (Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House: $1) with Eldrid Thorpe's illustrations. Edna Knowles King's famous collection of dolls is illustrated by over a hundred photographs, with text, in "A Doll's Family Album" (Albert Whitman: $1.50), and "The Land of Lost Dolls," by Hector Fezandié, illustrated by Victor Perard, is a fairy story about dolls and pets (Thomas F. Kyle, $2).



WOODCUT BY FRITZ KREDEL
From "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

Older Fiction

Two collections, one of good stories and one of native American verse, are "A Treasure Box of Stories for Children," by May Lamberton Becker (Little, Brown: $2.50), and "I Hear America Singing," an anthology of folk poetry collected by Ruth A. Barnes and illustrated by Robert Lawson (Winston: $2). From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard comes Alan M. Buck's story of Saint Patrick of Ireland called "My Saint Patrick" ($2), while other fiction for children ranges from "Baby Island," by Carol Ryrie Brink, pictures by Helen Sewell (Macmillan: ages eight to twelve, $2) through "This Is Petra" by Alice Blackburn Dungan (Lippincott: $2), a charming fantasy of an imaginative little orphan and her animated shadow; and "Susan Beware!" by Mabel Leigh Hunt (pictures by Mildred Boyle), telling of a tomboy of Indiana in the 70's (Stokes: $1.75). Older children's books include "Smoke Blows West," by Helen Clark Fernald (Longman's: $2), "Homespun," by Erick Berry (Lothrop, Lea & Shepard: $2), and Jennings C. Wise's "On the Way to Perignan" (New York: The Paisley Press, Inc.: $2.50).

To conclude this resumé with books of a more general nature, Albert Whitman presents Lt.-Colonel George R. Hutchinson's "Flying the States," ($2) wherein Hutchinson and his wife and two daughters, "the Flying Family," visit all forty-eight states by plane; Alida Sims Malkus gives us a unique prose saga of the early Polynesian seafarers in "Eastward Sweeps the Current" (Winston: $2. Excellent illustrations by Dan Sweeney); Lincoln and Margaret MacVeagh tell of their "Greek Journey" (Dodd, Mead: $2) in an admirable travel book illustrated by Michel Doris, for boys and girls of ten years or older; and last, but not least, comes a book that will appeal to parents as well as to older children, in the complete story of Antarctic exploration from the earliest times, "Antarctic Icebreakers," by Lorene Fox (Doubleday, Doran: $2.50). There are many photographic illustrations.

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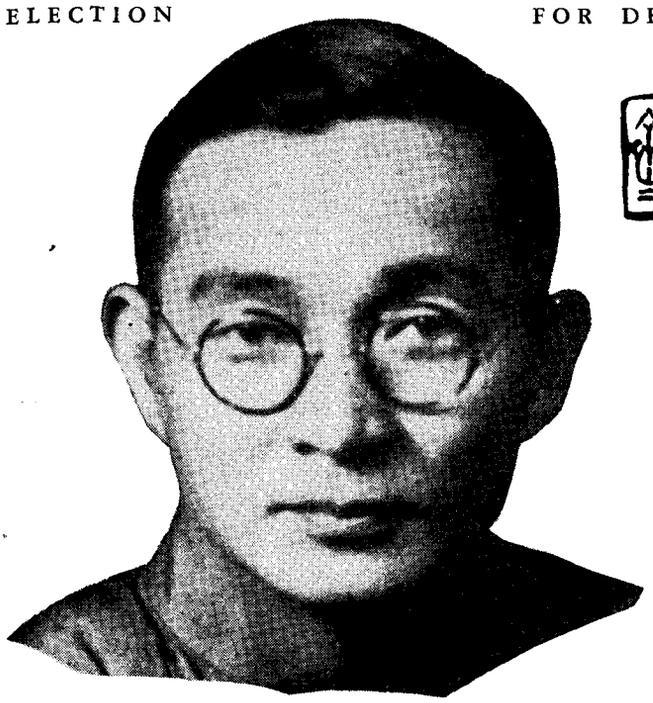
A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION FOR DECEMBER



LIFE doesn't consist of achievement, in making a fortune, in the mental sallies of philosophers or the imaginative flights of poets. Life rather consists in the enjoyment of ourselves and one another, of home, of rocks and trees and stars and sounds or, to quote directly, "in having a haircut once in two weeks, or watering a potted flower, or watching a neighbor fall off his roof."

—so says

LIN YUTANG

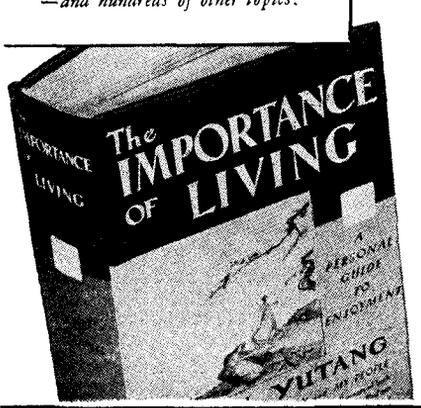
Author of MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE

in his new book:

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING

Here You Will Find:

The Scamp as Ideal
This Earth the Only Heaven
On Having a Stomach
On Having a Mind
On Playful Curiosity
On Being Wayward and Incalculable
The "Philosophy of Half-and-Half"
Chin's Thirty-three Happy Moments
Man the Only Working Animal
The Chinese Theory of Leisure
Three American Vices
On Getting Biological
On Sex Appeal
On Growing Old Gracefully
On Lying in Bed
On Tea and Friendship
On Food and Medicine
On the Inhumanity of Western Dress
The Epigrams of Chang Ch'ao
—and hundreds of other topics.



IN Dr. Lin's *My Country and My People* there were broad hints of an outlook on living which comprehends both East and West, and throws on American life the light of Oriental perceptions. Now he offers for the first time a complete and matured work in this vein—too human to be called philosophy, too honest to be classed with so-called "self-help" books. Gayly serious, profoundly naive, cynically kind, shot through with a sense of comedy and backed by science, as well as by the thoughts of the Chinese sages of many centuries, it brings forth the salt and flavor and tang of life. The book distills for the Western world the Chinese philosophy of three thousand years, in the hope that it may bring help to men and women who have not yet learned, as the Chinese have, that the meaning of life lies just in living itself.

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Pointing the way to PEACE for America: THE FINAL CHOICE, by Stephen and Joan Raushenbush

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A New Language for Greek Drama

THREE GREEK PLAYS. Translated by Edith Hamilton. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODRIC WESTBROOK

MISS HAMILTON here presents translations of Aeschylus's "Prometheus Bound" and "Agamemnon" and of Euripides's "Trojan Women"; there are introductions with clear, swift comment upon plots and characters and some fresh interpretations, such as Miss Hamilton's choosing Job rather than the too youthful Satan for a parallel to Prometheus, and the frank use of Ocean as a comic character. She is rarely insensitive to dramatic values, but she fails to see that Aigisthus is good drama and that his coming back into Clytaemnestra's life as a sudden and almost forgotten burden after her triumph makes the last lines of the "Agamemnon" heavy with the weight of coming boredom and shame.

As a translator, Miss Hamilton feels that we are now ready to discard the dated languages of Pope, Browning, Mr. Gilbert Murray, and the Loeb authors and to put in their stead an idiom more nearly approaching the directness of Greek expression. She then offers us these three translations in what she considers such an idiom—a form with lines of varied lengths and varied meters for the choruses, and a five beat line, generously varied, for the dialogue; her vocabulary is starkly Nordic rather than Latin in its sources, with many monosyllables and short hard words. She uses this idiom most extremely in the "Trojan Women": when the chorus is fearful of what Cassandra in her madness may do, they say, with Mr. Murray's permission,

> O hold the damsel, lest her trancèd feet
> Lift her afar, Queen, toward the Hellene fleet!

but to Miss Hamilton's command

> Hold her fast, Queen, poor frenzied girl.
> She might rush straight to the Greek camp.

In choral parts there is often more melody:

> Your dewy baths are gone
> and the race-course where you ran.
> Yet your young face keeps the beauty of peace
> in joy, by the throne of Zeus.

This longing to put Euripides into simple language is sure to come sadly upon the realization that he is the most difficult person to treat in this way, because he is sometimes plain but often complicated and sometimes delicate, and that the confusion of his emotional and mental states is a harder challenge to the translator than the clearer thought of Aeschylus. For though Euripides was a rebel in his own day, with his new words and his new music he loosened rather than destroyed tradition, and he is still inside the long and confidently trusted group of poets who learned from Homer.

Miss Hamilton forces upon herself an idiom that breaks radically with immediately previous styles; it cannot be a perfect instrument, for such an idiom before it can be of service to poetry must pass into the subconscious and come back as a birthright; it is not surprising, then, that many of her lines fall apart into fragments, thereby missing the tightness of phrase in the Greek line, that her rhythms are treacherous, that her language is brittle.

This idiom is too strange a messenger to our hearts; it stabs us into consciousness but does not move us. Yet where she uses it in some compromise with richer language and easier rhythms, as in parts of the Aeschylus translations, we appreciate the freshness of her view; and though we may still remember Mr. Murray's mystic phrases and haunting melodies, we long, too, to see the vigor of the newer manner grow in finesse and achieve its strength, for in Miss Hamilton's use of it there are intimations of power.

Theodric Westbrook is in the department of classics at Columbia University.

Fiction Goes to Hell

LUCIFER AT LARGE. By C. John McCole. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

THERE is no doubt about what Mr. McCole means. He means that the twentieth-century American novel has been dragged unnecessarily through mires of pessimism, pornography, and brutality by a crew of blasphemous, whining defeatists who are unable or unwilling to "see a pattern in life." Their philosophy is engendered in a puddle of determinism; and their technique is often as loose as their thinking, especially when they resort to the stream of consciousness. Lucifer appears in the various forms of Dreiser, Cabell, Anderson, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Hemingway, Saroyan, Farrell, and Wolfe. At the end, by way of contrast, the author calls the roll of certain good angels of the novel, among them Willa Cather and Margaret Mitchell.

"Lucifer at Large" is no mere random complaint but a substantial indictment based upon charges thoroughly investigated and cogently presented. Yet justice is imperiled when a critic plays the prosecuting attorney instead of the judge. Mr. McCole frequently "concedes" merits in the novelist under examination, but it is plain from the beginning that he is out for convictions. The moralist in him is so aroused that the critic cannot be free. He heavily censures all novelists who reflect sordid fact except those who possess what he regards as a satisfactory "vision" of life. Yet perchance some of these novelists are honestly confused and depressed by life. As for the dishonest ones—the peddlers of pornography and sadism—if they have dug up too much dirt and too little gold, would it not be better for the critic to spend less time in fingering the dirt and more in assaying such metal as it does contain? Better still, let him work in richer regions.

Revolutionary Gospel

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Conrad Noel. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

THIS striking and original economic interpretation of the life of Jesus is written by a man who believes ardently in Christian theology and is also a revolutionist and a great admirer of Lenin. The Reverend Mr. Noel (grandson of an Earl and graduate of Cambridge University) is Vicar of a Church of England parish, from the tower of which he flew, during the war, the flag of St. George, the Sinn Fein flag, and the red flag all at once. The same unusual combination of convictions is represented with energy, eloquence, sincerity, and learning in this picture of Jesus as the champion of the economically oppressed, on which Mr. Noel has been working and pondering for thirty years. The book is a sort of boomerang:—sure to be hurled with eager enthusiasm at the heads of communists by orthodox church people, and by communists at theologians, and in each case to return with speed and accuracy to knock hard on the skull of the thrower.

In between these two extremes are large numbers of potential readers who certainly should not miss the book, intelligent men of good will, who have more or less consciously turned away from the great figure of Jesus the Christ, because they have seen him only in cautious ecclesiastical image of introverted, self-regarding, save-your-own soul personal piety. The Jesus of Conrad Noel's devotion is the inheritor of a mighty tradition of social justice and decent communal responsibility for the poor, which is embodied in the great laws of Moses for the protection of the economically weak from the ruthlessness of the economically strong. Those tremendous seven and fifty year measures to stop the dangerous snow-balling of the poverty of the debtor and the wealth of the creditor—how strangely the nineteenth-century theologians of all churches have ignored them, and made the rest of us ignore them!

Of course, in the nature of things, a book about Jesus written by a believing clergyman who is also a social revolutionist, is bound to excite all kinds of readers, just as those three flags flying over a church tower must have excited beholders of all convictions. Orthodox believers will be exasperated and grieved by the author's uncompromising, active revolutionary spirit of indignant sympathy for the victims of contemporary society, hunger-marchers included, and for his bold untactful attacks on modern corruption, greed, and injustice, calling names and specifying places. And certainly revolutionists, who will glory in his identification of Jesus's "Kingdom of Heaven" as the commonwealth of social justice longed for by radicals, will reel back at the contact with his sincere early-Christian devoutness. It may possibly do them both good to read the book!

Among Dorothy Canfield Fisher's numerous books is a translation of Pappini's "Christ" from the Italian.

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Bright and Original

CHILD ON A MILL-FARM. By Eleanor Glenn Wallis. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONCE in a great while a small unobtrusive book of verse turns up that makes no plea for any special consideration, that is opened almost by accident, and that so refreshes the mind and satisfies the artistic sense that one gasps lest it should have been overlooked altogether. Such a book is "Child on a Mill-Farm." We opened it at the poem, "Year of Our Lord 1665," and while we admit a gluttony for the seventeenth century in England, here were three sonnets that brought the Great Plague vividly before us. Then a little poem titled "Child and Stag-Hound" began "On delicate, arching loins he measures level with Sylvia's eager heart." That really makes the picture and tells the story. In this little book there is none of that dreary obfuscation in which modern poets indulge, none of the squirming striving for effect that tortures the work of so many young and promising writers. Strangely enough Mrs. Wallis writes perfectly clear English. She has some good original material, a knack with titles and certain lines, less success with a few poems. She is not significant. She merely writes well; for instance, of kittens:

The little black cats—identical twins—
Are deftly patterned with milk-white socks,
Are snowy of mask and bib and mittens.
Even their ear-muffs have silver clocks,
Each eye is bland as a golden quince,
Each whisker fierce on these valiant kittens.

The above may convey a wrong impression. Despite the fantastic nature of Mrs. Wallis's *alter ego,* "Cynthia," she is a poet with a mature woman's wisdom, as witness the poem "Adolescent." What we admire most throughout her work is the precise descriptive phrase. It is not that most poetry is too prosy today—it is that poetry has lost the chief virtues of prose.

Mrs. Wallis narrates country memories, and handles legend, as in "Witch's Child," with dexterity in managing narrative. Also she has a gift today disprized—a genuine gift of fantasy. This book is very far from being a masterpiece, but it is good work, sturdy and original work that deserves singling out. For its music and magic, we wish to close by quoting

LULLABY IN SUMMER

Now when hollows fill and deepen
With shadow and sleep,
Master and collie herd in the sunset
Luminous sheep.

Gold is ripe on unbroken fallow
Or seeded ground,
And a rusty bell on the hornéd wether
A golden sound.

Lie white in the lap of dusk and listen
To the drowsy gold
Of a lamb's cry, plaintive among her fellows
In the darkening fold.

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A Letter from London

BY SALLY FULTON

THE English reading public is, at the moment, divided into two distinct classes: those who think Damon Runyon should be knighted and those who think he should be "crowned." He has started, with his flip Eighth Avenue jargon, one of the most lively literary controversies of the past few years. On one side are those who "are constrained to disapprove of Mr. Runyon's liberties with the King's English" and on the other those who think Dancing Dan, Ooky Mockie Morgan, Harry the Horse, Gunner Jack, and Gammer O'Neill are "the nuts!"

The London *Evening Standard,* fishing around for a new feature, started the controversy. Lord Beaverbrook bought the English newspaper rights to Runyon's "More Than Somewhat" and ran one story a day in the *Standard.* The paper praised the stories on its front page, printed glowing biographical sketches of Runyon, and proudly published them with gangster woodcuts on the center double spread.

All of which annoyed one H. K. Hales, Esq. more than somewhat. H. K. Hales, Esq., wrote in to say it was "indecent" to call a lady a "moll" and a gentleman a "guy." He thought, furthermore, that if the great English dailies were not to uphold the tradition of good English, well, it was a deplorable situation!

And that started something. Give an Englishman an opportunity to write letters to the editor and he'll knock the top off England's big red pillar boxes. And that's just exactly what the Englishmen have been doing ever since H. K. Hales "was constrained" to complain.

Letters have poured into the *Standard* ever since. The paper's circulation has bounded up; and Lord Beaverbrook's only immediate worry is where he's going to get more Runyon stories.

This is, however, an aside. The important lines in the comedy are written by the letter-writers:

When Mr. Hales says that Mr. Runyon's stories are tedious, boring and full of undesirable American slang, he understates the case. They are a positive menace to the English language. The suggestion of Mr. Dennis B. Grundy that a club be formed for the "preservation" of "pure Runyonese" is an example of the terrible effect produced upon certain individuals when backed by a responsible newspaper.

—E. S. Clay, Escher, Surrey.

For the love of Mike, stop it! Some American slang is amusing, some is simply putrid. Runyon's is the latter variety. This miserable stuff has such an unpleasant effect on my nervous system that I now carefully avoid opening my *Evening Standard* lest I should see Runyon in it.

—St. John Hamilton,
Kingsgate-on-Sea, Kent.

Then, on the other hand, are these:

Seriously, though in a minor sphere, Runyon is comparable to Shakespeare and Milton as an improvisator of language. Runyon should be rated a genius for breaking so much new ground.

—G. D. R. Planton, London, S. W. 11

Judging from the high-falutin tone adopted by the anti-Runyonites, the English language is the unique and spotless creation of a divine instant. No doubt these staunch supporters of literary purity dislike Charles Dickens who employed Cockney slang never found in any dictionary: Thomas Hardy who used West Country idiom, also marked by its absence from the Oxford Concise.

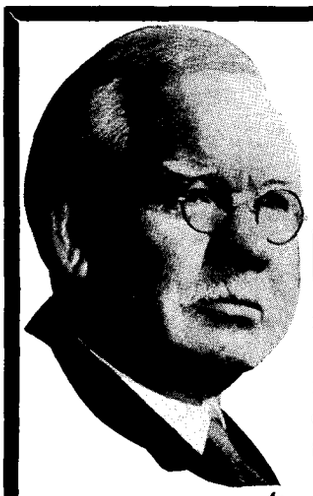
—Henry Gibbs, London, N. W. 6

Damon Runyon is terrific. . . . Mr. Hales' monumental letter is an epitaph to sluggish Victorianism.

—Peter Taylor, London, S. W. 7

While this battle rages, London is in the midst of the Fifth Annual *Sunday Times* Book Fair, and British authors are making plans to get out of the London winter . . . Somerset Maugham is temporarily in the city, lunching with great leisure around the Strand and getting his belongings together for another winter sojourn . . . This year he's going to India to study ancient temples . . . Bruce Lockhart had luncheon with him the other day and soon after announced he was saying farewell to Fleet Street for good . . . Lockhart's son Robin is seventeen years old now, a sailor in the King's Navy, and Lockhart, at fifty, is starting a new chapter in his life of adventure . . . He has returned to his native Scottish heath for the moment, but he'll soon be going to Scandinavia on a lecture tour . . . After that he's going back to take a look at the Balkans, write a book on his experiences there, and then, perhaps in 1939, he'll return to Russia for the first time since the Revolution . . . The six-penny Penguin Books—never mention the word Penguin before a London publisher!—are beginning to have their troubles . . . The rising cost of newsprint is cutting into their slim per-copy profit—the publisher must sell 13,000 of each title before he breaks even—and they may take advertising in order to meet their added costs. . . . Hervey Allen shocked the British pride by announcing that the best plumbing to be found in Britain today is in the old Roman houses being excavated . . . Allen, who is doing a short book on evidences of Roman civilization in Britain, recently spent some time here and then went on to Germany to see about getting some of his unpaid royalties on "Anthony Adverse."

Sally Fulton is the wife of an American newspaper correspondent in London.



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Magellan and Mutiny

DEATH SAILS WITH MAGELLAN. By Charles Ford. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THE amazing story of Magellan's voyage is such a natural that it is surprising that more writers have not seized upon it as the basis of historical novels or epic poems. Mr. Ford seems to know enough about Magellan's voyage in general, and the island of Guam in particular, to be a thorough master of his material. His plot invites direct comparison with "Mutiny on the Bounty," and also with the non-fiction story of Will Marriner. But he fails as a novelist, mainly because he has attempted to superimpose a fictional form, for the greater part of his story, upon what is essentially a popular non-fictional narrative of Magellan's voyage with a new interpretation of the commander and his purposes. The characterization of Gonzalo, the hero, is always faulty and unconvincing; the subordinate characters in the main belong to the wooden stock of the great mass of historical writing descended by the left hand from Sir Walter Scott; and the picture of Magellan as an insane megalomaniac defeating his own ends by utterly unreasonable actions could not be convincing, unless the author were able to take us inside of the commander's mind, a feat which is beyond his ability. Nevertheless, wherever Mr. Ford is released from his fictional requirements, his descriptions are vivid, building up true and unforgettable pictures of a vanished time.

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Books from the Loyalist Front

VOLUNTEER IN SPAIN. By John Sommerfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $1.50.

FROM SPANISH TRENCHES, Letters collected and edited by Marcel Acier. New York: Modern Age Books, Inc. 1937. Paper, 35c.; cloth, 85c.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. THOMSON

THE first of these books is by a volunteer, not a "volunteer." It comes not from the regimented thousands dispatched by Italian or German dictators to fight for Franco. The author is an English communist, just under thirty, who views the fight of the Spanish Loyalists as one phase of the international struggle against fascism. He enlisted at Paris, and after a few weeks training behind the lines, reached Madrid with the International Column, "a last, desperate hope" launched against the advancing rebels during those critical days of early November, 1936. He was in the fighting at University City and Casa del Campo, which stopped Franco at the gates of the capital.

His pages bring the Spanish war close-up. It is seen from the angle of the man in the ranks—through eyes which are unusually keen and discerning. There are glimpses of the impatience of the recruit for the front, the exasperation and heartbreaks over inadequate equipment, the unutterable fatigue from long marches and back-bending loads, nights on the hills with rain coming down "cold, thin and intensely wet," the anonymity enforced on the common soldier and the "fine state of automatic apathy" to which he must school himself, the impersonal killing of the enemy, and the bitterly personal loss of one's comrades. Full light is thrown on the crude vileness of war. But the soldier is carried along by the driving endurance of his fellows in the International Column, and by the vitality and matter-of-fact heroism of the Spanish people. There is also the support of his personal credo—the faith which had overcome former hatred of war—that in the Spanish struggle there is something worth fighting for, and it is "something real."

For some the greatest interest of the book will lie rather in what it reveals about John Sommerfield than in what it tells of the Spanish conflict; how a sensitive and realistic mind comes through a bout with the bruising facts of modern war. Here is one of the very few books yet from Spain which are worth while in their own right. It stands far above the run of current war journalism. Much of its prose is so finely and honestly tempered as to have the stripped beauty of truth.

"From Spanish Trenches" contains a collection of letters and diary material, written by foreigners with the Loyalists' troops—Germans, Russians, Dutchmen, a Cuban, as well as Englishmen, Irishmen, and Americans. Most of the letters—particularly those by Americans—present little of lasting significance. Perhaps the most valuable contributions are by Jef Last, a Dutch novelist, and Pablo de la Torriente Brau, a young Cuban journalist. No one has sketched a more vivid picture than Last does here, of the gallant, confused, and undisciplined Popular Militia as they were rolled back by the rebels in the fall of 1936.

Charles A. Thomson is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

The Nazi Mind

I KNEW HITLER. By Kurt G. W. Ludecke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by SAMUEL NOCK

IN this book, it is a Nazi who speaks. Kurt Ludecke was one of Hitler's first enthusiastic followers; and, if one can believe him, one of the few who could tell Hitler where to get off.

One can't believe him, of course. Enthusiasm dictates his writing, enthusiasm narrates his anecdotes. On the other hand, one cannot help believing in the emotions aroused by that same enthusiasm.

Here frankly, proudly, are antisemitism, advocacy of violence, calumny of such men as Bruening and Stresemann, and adulation of such men as Rosenberg. Here is worship of the Fuehrer, though combined with a certain amount of disillusionment. Here, in short, is a revelation of how the Nazi mind works; and it is a most depressing picture. It is a disconcerting confirmation of the theory propounded in this magazine by Dr. C. G. Jung. It is unreason triumphant.

Even though the author was Hitler's prisoner, even though he had to flee from his Nazis, even though he lives in exile, he has acquired no reasonableness, no perspective, no sense. Like the lawyer to whom the defense was entrusted, he goes bellowing on to the last.

What will perhaps interest American readers is not the fury, but the episodes involving Henry Ford and the Sunday Evening Hour prophet, W. J. Cameron. In 1924 these men were, according to Herr Ludecke, greatly interested in Hitler. Cameron was, he hints, interested enough to think well of spending some of Ford's money; but Ford was too smart. He listened, but he did not contribute.

It is pleasing to read that the German-American societies, before whom Ludecke appeared to praise Hitler, practically gave him the bum's rush. The American monkey-suited Nazis are not going to destroy the Republic.

In a good Nazi style, this book is more than fifty per cent too long; it is full of all sorts of irrelevant nonsense and repetitious twaddle; it has verbal quantity, but not quality. Yet for any one who wants to know something about how Nazis operate in this country—and to laugh at their breath-taking ineptitude—and for any one who wants to look into a Nazi's mind, this piece of exhibitionism will be valuable. Herr Ludecke conceals nothing; and therefore his last-page wishful-thinking that Hitler may perhaps yet lead the world to salvation, makes the Scriptural dog seem a creature of elegant and fastidious taste.

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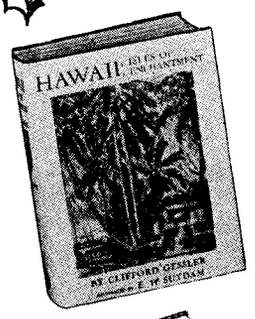

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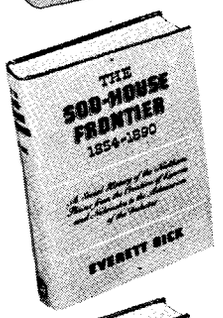

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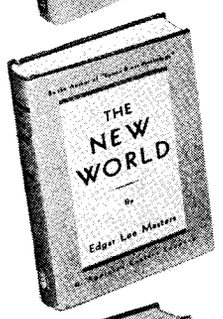

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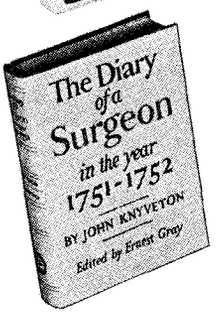

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Myth and Behavior

THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM. By Thurman W. Arnold. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. HOMANS

I WISH to put myself on record at once that "The Folklore of Capitalism" seems to me the most sensible and amusing book which I have had the good fortune to review for this journal.

Besides behaving in certain ways, men talk about their behavior:—what it is, as they see it, why it is what it is, why it ought to remain what it is. The social anthropologists have observed that in a primitive society these verbal statements are developed into elaborate mythologies. They never describe how people in fact do behave; nevertheless they help people to behave well. The reiteration of the mythologies and the repetition of the ceremonies which dramatize them strengthen those sentiments of the men and of the society which allow them to work and live together successfully and happily. Therefore the mythologies are important to the well-being of the society.

But in studying primitive society the social anthropologists have had a comparatively easy task. As Arnold puts it: "It is only the myths of other peoples and other times that we label as myths." The mythology of our own people and times has seldom been effectively studied, because there are few people who achieve sufficient detachment from the beliefs to which they were brought up. The Marxists made a great step when they began to talk about the ideology of capitalism, but they never pursued the subject far enough to reach a satisfactory theory. Pareto's "The Mind and Society" is the best general treatment of the relation between what men do and what they say about what they do. The interest of Arnold's book is that it takes up this subject in detail in the particular case of America at the present time. He describes the mythology, the folklore of the business world: the notion that the economic system is peopled by rugged individuals, which includes such individuals as the Steel Corporation, competing freely with other individuals, owning property and so forth. And he discusses the relation of this mythology to the actual behavior of men in business, law, and politics.

The social anthropologists have had an easy task in another way: they have studied the mythologies of societies which can be treated as unchanging. Arnold asks what happens in the rapidly changing society of the United States. The mythology of capitalism was an expression and justification of the sentiments of the businessmen who made the United States the wealthiest country in the world. Therefore it was useful to American society in the days of the great expansion. At the present time other needs are being expressed besides that of an increase in wealth, and these needs are being satisfied by increased action by the government. Such action is in violation of the mythology of capitalism and of the sentiments the mythology expresses. In these conditions, those who believe the mythology, who feel the sentiments, are often inhibited from taking sensible and practical action in the immediate situation, but resort instead to the reassertion of the truth of the mythology and to the reperformance of its ceremonies. Politics becomes more than ever before a war of religion, which is of all wars the most violent.

Arnold believes that the nation would be better off if more men studied the mythology of capitalism and its functions as an anthropologist studies the mythology of a primitive tribe. He may or may not be correct in this judgment of utility as in other such judgments he expresses. It is dangerous to destroy the religious faith of a people in its myths. On the other hand, it can seldom be done, except in the case of a few men at the top of society. But aside from his judgments about how it would be well for men to behave, Arnold's description of how they do in fact behave is most instructive. He has an emotional bias, as all of us have, but there are few books in which emotional thinking can be more easily separated from statements of observed fact than in his. That is all a reader can ask. In most books published today the two are inextricably intermingled.

Food on the Farm

HOME GROWN. By Della T. Lutes. Boston: Little, Brown. 1937. $1.75.

Reviewed by ISABEL R. A. CURRIER

NO one has written as enticingly of food as Della T. Lutes has, first in "The Country Kitchen," now in "Home Grown." Even Charles Lamb does not share her laurels, for Mrs. Lutes is not content with one "Dissertation on Roast Pig." She does not dissert. She passes on the immortal in American farm cookery—from spareribs to strawberry shortcake—and in her hands it becomes literature. Her cunning blends gastronomic nobility into tales of Michigan farm life, fifty years ago, and the result ranks with the best of American pastoral prose.

"Home Grown" is divided into twelve chapters, each presenting an anecdote of the author's early life. Each one is as choice in seasoning as the food spread lavishly (with recipes for the cook) throughout the background of the anecdotes. There is humor as pungent as sage; sentiment as compelling as Mis' Thompson's apple pie; wholesomeness to match the Saturday supper of beans and riz biscuits; a nostalgia as tugging as Lije Thompson's anticipation of the tantalizing dishes coming to glory in the old kitchen oven.

Lije (Father) is the central character, with appreciative appetite, homely wit, kindly dignity, and rustic sanity to give the air to a pastorale. Surrounding him, the voices of other old-fashioned characters make the harmony.

There are few readers whose memories or imaginations would not be stirred by this book. It has the universal quality of those tales of childhood which are spun, in thoughtful mood, around the fire of a Thanksgiving evening.

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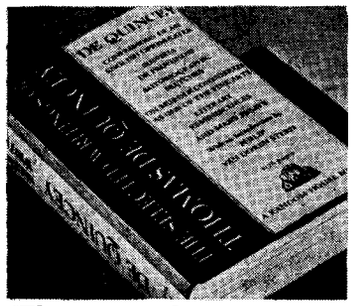

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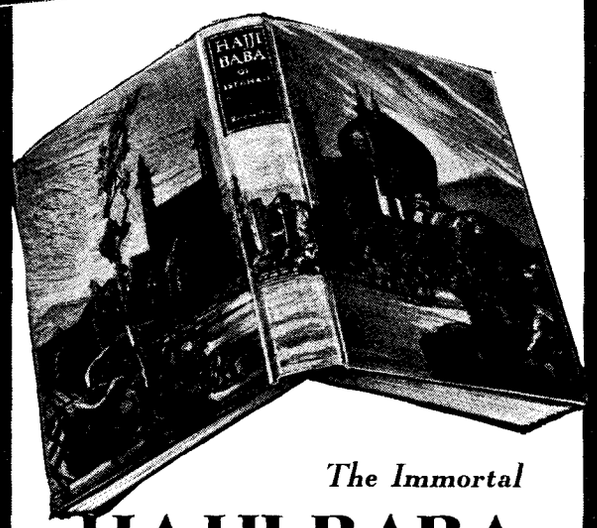

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That Third Term

ROOSEVELT—AND THEN? By Stanley High. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by Duncan Aikman

THESE are fourteen sleek prognoses on the outlook for the Roosevelt politics and policies, most of which have appeared in national magazines.

Mr. Roosevelt will probably stand ready to make "the great sacrifice" in 1940, Mr. High intimates, should urgency demand it. He may disband his present Corcoran-Cohen team of intimate advisers on policy, should their personal publicity or their bad breaks with policies as political issues make it advisable, but the system of potent unofficial counsellors will be retained. Mr. Roosevelt isn't likely to shoot for a dictatorship, but he will continue to administer public affairs and partisan strategy more or less autocratically, because he knows what is best for society and is no democrat at heart.

There is a "Second New Deal" in the making in Washington which differs from the 1933-37 "First New Deal" mainly in that it plans a permanent managed economy for the nation rather than a set of emergency measures. Furthermore, Mr. Roosevelt's second administration will stake its all on putting the "Second New Deal" into operation. For that purpose he will maintain his alliance, in comfort or otherwise, with the John L. Lewis unions, keep subsidies flowing out to the distressed farmers, and maintain—through a federal anti-lynching act if necessary—the Democratic Party's new role as the Negro's best friend. For that purpose, if there is no other way to do business, the conservative Democrats will be purged from the party, or Mr. Roosevelt will set up a new party under Farmer-Labor and big and small "p" progressive auspices.

Not even Mr. Farley's presidential aspirations, which Mr. High seemed to take quite seriously before the New York mayoralty elections, will be allowed to interfere with it. For that matter, neither will those of Senator La Follette or of Governors Earle or Murphy, which Mr. High manifestly takes less seriously.

Occasionally, Mr. High disapproves of the outlook. "A government which convinces a considerable number of its citizens of the availability of blank checks," he warns, "is likely to find itself without checks, or, if it should attempt to stop payment, with a political upheaval on its hands. . . . The future of a great many reforms has been entrusted, almost entirely, to those who benefit by the reforms."

Whether for or against, however, Mr. High writes with a consistent buttery persuasiveness. Occasionally he flecks the butter with a lively, if not too profound, thumbnail portrait of a Washington personage. He writes, too—as the publishers blurb the matter—as a "one time presidential insider."

All in all, it is about the nicest way that could be imagined of putting together the deductions which could be made by any first class editorial writer in Great Falls, Montana.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THIEVES' PICNIC *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Simon Charteris horns into nest of gem thieves, rescues beauty from their clutches and sails away with all the loot.	As outrageous, incredible, and exciting as other "Saint" exploits, with thieves falling out all over Canary Islands.	Giddy
DEATH OVER HOLLYWOOD *Charles Saxby* and *Louis Molnar* (Dutton: $2.)	Two killings in movieland—one on "lot," one off—solved, helter-skelter, by several bumptious individuals.	H'wood atmosphere, laid on with trowel, rule-of-thumb sleuthing, *soupçon* sex, and considerable action.	Less than colossal
THE MAN WITH THE TATTOOED FACE *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mysterious rural Lothario slain. Insp. Arnold, at dead end, calls in Desmond Merrion, who spots discrepancy and nails killer.	Bucolic English atmosphere and lively character drawing excel sleuthing—which clicks a bit too smoothly for complete probability.	Average
THE RETURN OF BLUE MASK *Anthony Morton* (Lippincott: $2.)	John Mannering, "the Baron," runs rings around cops, fights epic battles, grabs precious jools, etc., etc., etc.	Debonair thievery is all right in its place, perhaps, but there's too much of it getting between bookcovers.	Tosh
HOMICIDE *Leslie T. White* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.) (Non-fiction)	Murders of light lady and her maid investigated against odds by plain unvarnished city detective Muttersbach.	Official documents, q. & a. testimony and all, a trifle deadening, but procedure is interesting and verisimilar.	Fair
THE MASTER SPY *Arthur Gask* (Macaulay: $2.)	Herr Mitter gets hands on secret formula for "invisible airplane" but secret agent Larose recaptures it.	Routine yarn of espionage in England with murder, plotting, torture, love, and other atrocities.	Ordinary

A Thoreau Omnibus

THE WORKS OF THOREAU. Selected and Edited by Henry S. Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by Mark Van Doren

MR. CANBY'S very welcome omnibus contains the whole of "Walden," most of "A Week on the Concord and the Merrimack Rivers," a third of "The Maine Woods," a third of "Cape Cod," five "Nature Essays," four social or political essays, eleven poems in addition to those which are scattered through Thoreau's published prose, and nearly a hundred pages of the famous but still little-read "Journal." So copious a selection, and one so carefully made, should do much to convince a public already devoted to "Walden" that its author is worth knowing for other reasons, even if not for better ones, than his masterpiece. Thoreau never did anything better than "Walden," but he wrote a tremendous lot in his forty-four years, and the entire body of what he wrote deserves any serious reader's attention; particularly since it is that body of work which seems to have interested Thoreau. He considered himself not so much a writer of books—compositions with beginnings and endings, and with titles—as simply a writer. His writing was in a peculiar sense his life. He gave up everything else for it; he put everything he had into it; he almost married it. And he would hardly have agreed with the judgment that either "Walden" or any other volume confines his essence; not even, perhaps, Mr. Canby's volume; not even, I suspect, the edition of his works which fills twenty volumes and supplies a printed text of all the "Journal."

Here and there Mr. Canby speaks of the books Thoreau would have completed had he lived. They are interesting to speculate about, but it is not certain that they would have been completed. High as Thoreau's opinion of writing was, and unmatched as his skill was in the matter of getting his best thoughts directly and perfectly down on paper, he often despaired, as the "Journal" attests, of getting everything down. His demands upon the art were ideal, and took the form of requiring it always to render the present intellectual moment in its fulness. There were no "subjects" for Thoreau, there was only existence; there was, perhaps, only his own existence. And no fence of words, no matter how long or how barbed, could ever quite keep existence safely inside it. There was always more to say; as soon as one found out how to say *this*, there was *that*, and so on without end. Thoreau, in other words, would have kept on writing, and what he wrote might not have been books, since books have ends. Mr. Canby recognizes this when he speaks of Thoreau's writings as a whole which was never realized. It is proper then to praise Mr. Canby's selection as the best abridgment of Thoreau's works which we are ever likely to have.

Mark Van Doren is the author of "Henry David Thoreau—A Critical Study."

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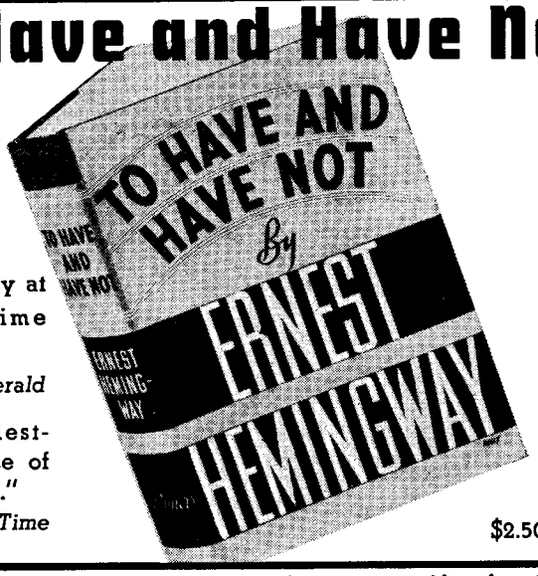

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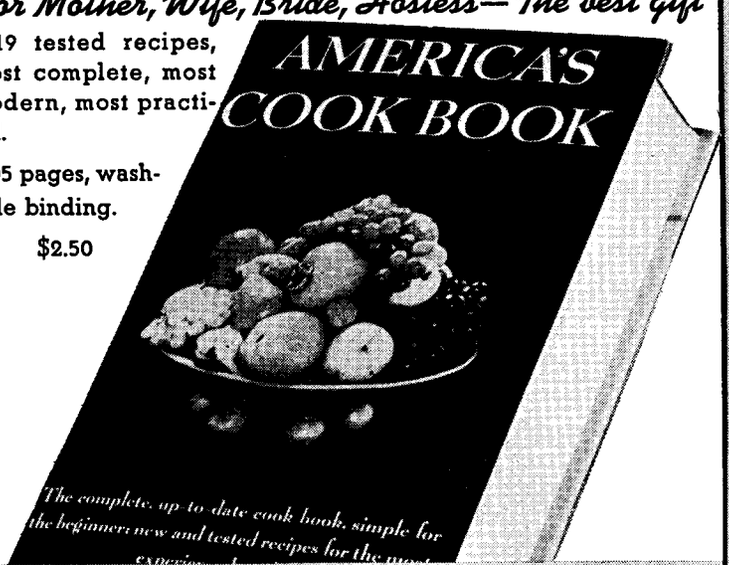

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The New Books

Archeology

EARLY MAN. Edited by George Grant MacCurdy. Lippincott. 1937. $5.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia was celebrated by an international symposium on early man. The papers presented there form the text of this important volume. The result is a series of authoritative, first-rate, and up-to-the-minute contributions on the question of early man in all parts of the world.

The papers are frankly technical, with no attempt at popularity. The book is one which will appeal primarily to scientists and to laymen who have a genuine interest in the subject and are accustomed to reading straight scientific material. They will find the latest and most dependable information on subjects of such vital importance as Folsom Man and Sinanthropos. It would be pointless to attempt to review or discuss the individual papers here. Choosing at random, such names as Sir Arthur Keith, Dr. H. J. Spinden, Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., and Dr. William K. Gregory insure the high quality of the contributions. "Early Man" will undoubtedly be received as a necessity for the library of students of the subject.

O. La F.

Art

BOTTICELLI. By Lionello Venturi. Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.

This is an album *in folio* substantially bound in gray buckram with one-hundred-and-one photogravure plates of which thirteen are in color. There are many details of good scale, so that for the student of modest means this book is a tolerable substitute for the classic and costly work of Yashiro. Lionello Venturi contributes an introductory essay of a distinguished and interpretative sort. Some fifty pictures are well reproduced, with abundant details—that is about a third of Botticelli's entire work as listed by Berenson. But since his list includes studio pieces, very little of real importance is omitted. To art reference libraries this book is especially recommended as an excellent aid to study and an extraordinary money's worth.

F. J. W.

Belles Lettres

BOSWELL AND THE GIRL FROM BOTANY BAY. By Frederick A. Pottle. Viking. 1937. *Edition limited to* 500 *copies.* $7.50.

A letter of James Boswell's, dated 1794, mentioning various disbursements including a "gratuity to Mary Broad," started Mr. Pottle on the adventure in literary detecting which makes up this essay. He has traced the connection between Boswell and Mary Broad; and he tells here the story of the girl who was transported to Australia for robbery, married another convict named William Bryant, escaped with him and seven others in an open boat, and sailed from Botany Bay 3,000 miles to Timor—the island on which Captain Bligh and his loyal "men against the sea" had landed two years previously. Mary Broad was brought back to England and booked with other survivors of the escape at Newgate Prison. Boswell moved to their defense in 1792, exerted himself for Mary's release, helped to find work for her, and paid her an annual "gratuity." The story, as Mr. Pottle tells it, is good enough to have been included in "Woollcott's Second Reader." It appears here in a de luxe format, with a preface, copious notes, MS reproductions, and a map.

G. S.

Biography

SORROW BUILT A BRIDGE: A Daughter of Hawthorne. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green. 1937. $2.50.

Midway in her life, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop changed worlds. As the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne and as the wife of George Lathrop she had whirled busily in the luminous social and literary atmosphere of Concord, Rome, Boston, and New York. In 1893 this world fell to pieces with the failure of her marriage. Instead of trying to reorder its parts, she created a tiny new world of her own amid destitute victims of incurable cancer in New York. The bridge between was sorrow; the hand that guided her across was the Catholic Church. She never turned back. The new world grew apace, and Rose Hawthorne finally became Mother Alphonsa, director of an efficient organization that ministered to thousands of sufferers. Old associations were overlaid with present duties. When she was asked to write something for the centennial celebration of her father's birth, her brief, belated response recalled Hawthorne chiefly as the first awakener of her humanitarian sympathies.

Rose Hawthorne's two worlds were so wholly and strangely disparate that they inevitably recall Hawthorne's own speculative tales. In "Sorrow Built a Bridge" Katherine Burton wisely foregoes philosophy and fantasy in favor of a plain tale. The first hundred and fifty pages might well have been condensed into one long chapter; they deal mostly with familiar matter that mates poorly with the second part of the book, which is largely the history of an institution. Mrs. Burton's biography is valuable less as a character study or a literary source book than as an absorbing record of devotion to a charity which had been incredibly neglected before Rose Hawthorne began her second world.

A. C.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SON. By Pierre Nezelof. Liveright. 1937. $3.

The pathetic story of Napoleon's son has been told many times. Countless poets, dramatists, and novelists have found it congenial material for every variety of literary presentation. Historians have covered all its ramifications in book after book; dreamers have filled volumes with wistful might-have-beens, if only the phthisic eaglet had survived into a forceful maturity. Libraries are crammed with interpretations and reinterpretations of this sad young man whose destiny was to be born King of Rome, too late to provide for his father the symbol of dynasty that might have saved his empire, and to live out his brief life as an underling in the Austrian court, a pawn in the hands of the crafty Metternich. And now M. Nezelof tells the story over again in a long book that brings us nothing new except a vast deal of highly imaginative, not very bright conversation: what Marie Louise said to her music-master and her maids, what her son confided to the Archduchess Sophie and his tutors. It would have taken an army of dictaphones to record all the talk in the Tuileries and the Hofburg that is here reproduced, but the labor would have been useless anyway since M. Nezelof can invent it without any show of weariness. It's the real thing too, just as dull as so much conversation must actually have been. Biography, even fictionized biography, must be something more than a flow of tiresome dialogue, but there is little else to be discovered here.

C. D. A.

Fiction

SUN ACROSS THE SKY. By Eleanor Dark. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

The action of this novel takes place on a single hot summer day, a day on which Sir Frederick Gormley awoke feeling far from well, a day on which Oliver Denning, an eager, explosive young doctor, had a long list of patients to see, a day on which a man was mauled by a shark, another man fell ill, Lois Marshall painted a picture, and Oliver's wife Helen, a very beautiful woman who could hardly bear to touch life even with the tips of her fingers, gave a bridge party. As important as the action of this story is the setting, an Australian seaside town. Once the town had been a microscopic fishing village hidden in a gully, but Sir Frederick had changed all that and now it was a thriving resort renamed Thalassa (though Sir Frederick very likely knew no Greek). Sir Frederick controlled it all except for a picturesque, disreputable strip of land where the fishermen lived, and the novel ends when, with repellent ruthlessness, he has arranged to own that, too.

There is a good deal of violence in this book, violence alternating with pauses which, though they occasionally slow down the movement of the story, do not stop it but serve rather to heighten the action when it comes. Partly because of this alternation of quiet with violence, partly because of the atmosphere (superbly done) of the sea shore, the glare of sun on sand, partly because of the nature of the characters themselves, the novel seems a vivid pattern in black and white. It is hard to say in how far the very skillful presentation of a beach under a hot sun is responsible for the effectiveness of plot and characters alike. Without that contrast of light and shade the book might easily have been less plausible.

Not that the novel *seems* artful. In less

(*Continued on page* 54)

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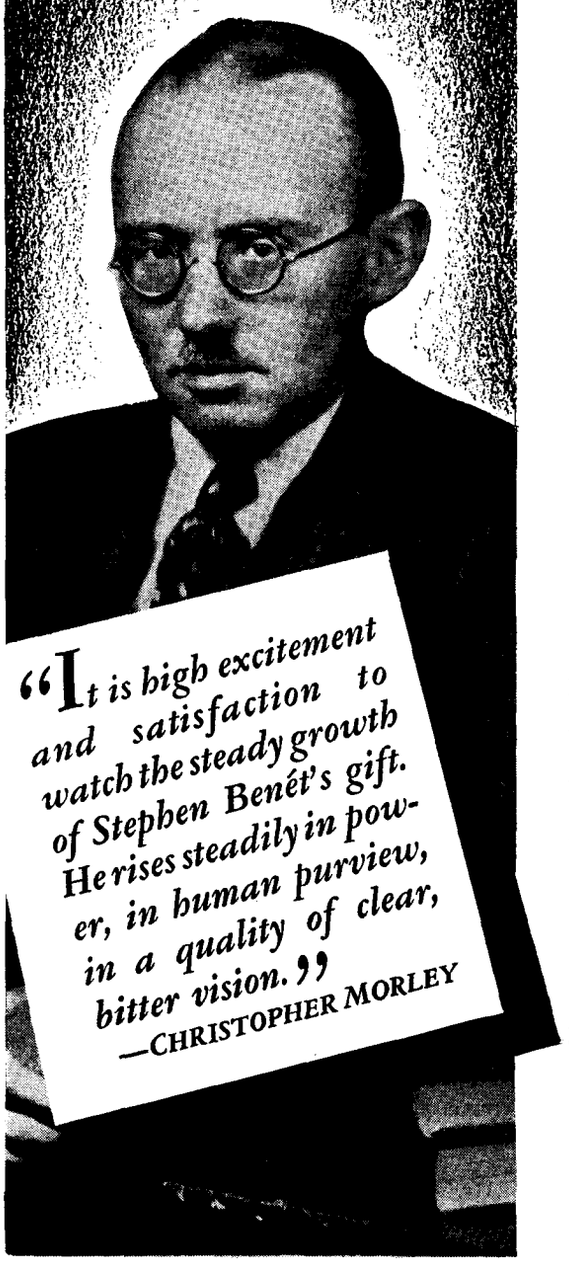
Stephen Vincent Benét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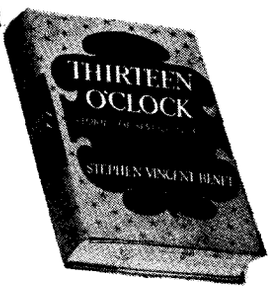

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Reviewing Reviews

NOT many of the reviewers compared Louis Bromfield's new novel, "The Rains Came," with E. M. Forster's "Passage to India," although the setting of the two novels is the same and they have some ideas in common. As Ralph Thompson reported in the *N. Y. Times,* "Since I couldn't for the life of me remember anything about E. M. Forster's 'Passage to India' other than that a dozen years ago it had seemed a great book, I took care to say that Mr. Bromfield's seemed the most readable *recent* novel on modern India. . . . Of course the subterfuge wasn't successful; a variety of correspondents immediately took pen in hand to inquire . . . what about the Forster masterpiece." Only three other reviewers mention Forster. Herschel Brickell, in the *N. Y. Post:* "I suppose it is natural to think of E. M. Forster's 'Passage to India' in connection with the present novel. Without making too much of the comparison, I do not think that Mr. Bromfield is so fine and finished an artist as his English rival, but I suspect that more people may derive pleasure from his book than from its distinguished predecessor." "As an attempt by a westerner to penetrate the mind of modern India," writes Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker,* it ranks rather below E. M. Forster's 'A Passage to India' (no disgrace either, for that is tops) and rather above Miss Mayo's 'Mother India' (no honor either, for that is bottoms)." Henry James Forman in the *Times Book Review* says: "To compare this novel of Mr. Bromfield to such another as E. M. Forster's 'A Passage to India' is not the intention of this reviewer. But no one who has read the latter book can fail to note that Forster ignored none of those things [Indian religion and philosophy] which Mr. Bromfield ignores. Possibly that is the very cause of so many of the Indian characters in Mr. Bromfield's novel emerging as what Forster calls 'flat,' two-dimensioned, rather than round and full."

Most of the reviewers agreed that "The Rains Came" is a well told story, exciting and dramatic; exceptions were taken only as to its depth of characterization and thought. "An ingenious, well told, carefully composed tale," says Mr. Fadiman; "as a piece of morality, and as reflections on contemporary history, it needn't involve you too greatly." "There is lots of fun and lots of color in Mr. Bromfield's lush story," writes Lewis Gannett in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune,* "but does he really expect us to take this apocalyptic regeneration of the world seriously?" *Newsweek,* however, says "it is written with . . . wisdom, insight, and skill. . . . One of the best books of the year." Mary Ross sums up in the *Herald Tribune Books:* "Mr. Bromfield has written an excellent story, and perhaps that was all he intended."

It is interesting in this connection to look up the old reviews of "A Passage to India"—and pertinent as well, since Forster's novel has just appeared in the paper-bound Modern Age reprints (25c). It got a rousing reception in 1924, both as a picture of the British-Indian situation and for its literary qualities. "Beautiful and ironic and clear as divining crystal," wrote Elinor Wylie in the *Herald Tribune Books:* " 'A Passage to India' is poetry, as it is also melodrama, and philosophy and 'realism,' if that word by any chance means life." "If critical accord, supported by a fair popularity and a fine enthusiasm, can determine the best book of a season," wrote Laurence Stallings, then First Reader of the N. Y. *World,* "then E. M. Forster's 'A Passage to India' is the best novel of the closing year." "It is a political document of the first importance," wrote Rebecca West in the *SRL;* "but note that it is full of passages of universal beauty, of universal interest. . . . Mr. Forster possesses the secret of all poets, which is intensity of perception." "A masterpiece of subtle characterization and sustained irony," said Herschel Brickell in the *N. Y. Evening Post.* And Harry Hansen, then writing for the *Chicago News:* "It gives more than any one has reason to expect from a first-rate novelist." "One of the saddest, keenest, most beautifully written ironic novels of the time," wrote Herbert Gorman in the *Times Book Review.* In the same publication, Simeon Strunsky wrote a sort of *Reviewing Reviews* column, objecting to one critic who said the book was hard to read—"the simple fact is that Forster's story moves like a house on fire"—and to the idea that the novel was an exposé —"it is nothing of the kind." "And," said Mr. Strunsky, "who would suspect from the . . . enthusiasm of the 'professional critics' that over Forster's scene there plays a lovely human humor?" For the minority, H. L. Mencken reported: "It is a very respectable novel, workmanlike, amusing and inoffensive. . . . Every year there is another 'Passage to India'—nay, every six months."

Reading Forster's novel after thirteen years, this department concludes that the enthusiasm was justified and Mr. Mencken was wrong. All the qualities the reviewers mentioned are there in abundance—politics and poetry, excitement and human understanding. What impresses one even more, at this late date, than the British-Indian conflict is the author's subtle handling of all the human relationships. Forster's characterization is peculiar; his people come to life not in themselves—they are not individually memorable—but in relation to one another. Burton Rascoe wrote: "Mr. Forster would seem to indicate that there is no chance of the two peoples' ever reaching a common ground of understanding." He indicates equally that there is only a small chance of any two persons' ever reaching such a common ground: that is the deeper point, and the one that has been lost sight of in the development of fiction since 1924. We have been getting plenty of politics, too little of personal relationships; and that is why E. M. Forster's failure to write any more novels since "A Passage to India" is one of the great misfortunes of modern English fiction.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 50)

clever hands the cerebrations of the characters might have proved excessive, but Eleanor Dark's hands are clever and her novel is like a bright picture of a place and people who all belong there. It is something of a rarity, too. The author seems to have wanted only to write a good novel. She has done it, and it makes exciting reading.

C. H. M.

THE CROOKED CORONET. By Michael Arlen. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.50.

Michael Arlen entertains, nine times out of ten. Ever since "The Green Hat" explained to a receptive post-war world that purity, though something to die for, was not necessarily any thing to bother much about living with, we have wondered if Mr. Arlen did not perhaps want to put his considerable talents to a more serious literary use. A year or so ago he did attempt a serious novel; but since then he has returned to his brittle legerdemain.

Arlen's Charming People appear, in some of the short stories, to have contracted alliances with Wodehouse characters. The Wodehouse blood is a little robust for them. The most happily contrived of the stories are those in which the quick glitter of phrase now and again is as good as Saki gave. There are eleven stories in "The Crooked Coronet," and the title story revives the Cavalier of the Streets. In it he tilts with one of the Arlen nymphomaniac duchesses, with diverting results.

It is as unfair to ask mental sustenance of Mr. Arlen's fripperies as it would be to demand a day's nourishment from cocktail hors d'oeuvres. Mr. Arlen, himself the gentleman who passes spiced rarities on a silver salver, would be properly affronted if a guest wanted oatmeal with his Side Car.

F. W.

GONE TO TEXAS. By John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribners. 1937. $2.75.

Major Thomason has written a swift-moving romance of the post-Civil War era in the best tried and true formulæ of the "Soldiers of Fortune" school. For the necessary colorful romantic background he selected Texas in 1868. the stamping ground of footloose, masterless men hardened to war and of patricians impoverished and ridden with roweled spurs by victorious Northerners. The wild background is made still more turbulent since it is the scene of the Grand Plan concocted by Sam Houston and guided by his dead hand; the plan for adventurous Texas to tear herself away from the festering horror of a battle-scarred Union in a glorious filibustering conquest of Mexico, which would unify a distracted people by external excitement.

Set in this background the hero, Edward Cantrell, is of course dashing and young, a Second Lieutenant who is a veteran of the Army of the Potomac at the age of twenty-three, looking for further adventures which his upstate New York home cannot provide. The heroine, Brandon Hawkes, is a rebel hellcat, from whose lips issue violent words and equally violent kisses. Her guardian uncle, Major Leonidas Hawkes, another unreconstructed rebel, hates the damned blue-bellied Yanks, but beneath his ramrod exterior he conceals a gruff sentimentality. These and other characters, once created, necessarily follow the correct romantic procedure, and, having involved themselves in a melodramatic pattern, work out of it equally well. The romance is told with just the right dash, and the rich hot-blooded quality is carried beyond the story by the author who has spilled over the margin of his text innumerable swift, rough pen-and-ink sketches exactly in keeping with the flavor of his prose. If you want a good, exciting, vigorous romance of the old Richard Harding Davis style, a pure, simple, out-and-out romance which does not masquerade under the pretense of being a thousand-page historical novel, then, in a quarter of that space, you will find a very satisfactory example in "Gone to Texas."

J. D. H.

Juvenile

THE BOY SHELLEY. By Laura Benét. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.

At first glance, the early life of Shelley may not seem the most likely material for a juvenile biography. Continually in revolt against authority, whether parental or tutorial, the bemused and oversusceptible youth was about as much at home in the schools of the day as a fish in an aviary. His Eton career was no more satisfactory from the conventional standpoint than the later years at Oxford, and even for budding poets of the most liberal tendencies, Shelley's boyhood can hardly be considered the perfect model. Yet Miss Benét shows both courage and dexterity in the face of these difficulties, and works a minor miracle, presenting Shelley as the strange apparition that he was in the ranks of the English squirearchy, and at the same time making him an understandable hero for younger readers. Her portrait is a fair and accurately drawn one, though a somewhat optimistic version of the poet's home life at Field Place is given, emphasizing the adoring sisters rather than the sorely tried parents. Similarly the experiments in magic take precedence over the legendary whippings and miseries of the Sion

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Authors of the Week

V. Sackville West

THE first name of the wife of Harold Nicolson, the biographer, is Victoria. Knole of the Sackvilles is famous in England, and it was at Knole Castle—which has a room for every day in the year, and a staircase for every week—that the poet and novelist was born in the spring of 1892. "Vita" was a member of the aristocracy from the beginning. But that didn't satisfy her, and she wrote surreptitiously for years. With her husband, who has been in the diplomatic service, she has traveled widely—Persia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Morocco. Mrs. Nicolson's best friend is Virginia Woolf, and she figures in the latter's "Orlando." They are members of what has been called "the Bloomsbury Group," as was the late Lytton Strachey. Besides her novels and other prose works, V. Sackville West is a poet whose long Virgilian poem of the English countryside, "The Land," won the Hawthornden Prize in 1927. She and her husband and their two sons live in Kent.

"Pepita," by V. Sackville-West, is reviewed on page 7.

Emil Ludwig

Ludwig's father was Hermann Cohn, noted ophthalmologist of Breslau University, and Ludwig was born in Breslau, in 1881. His father desired to hide his son's Jewish origin under the name he gave him, but Ludwig has always emphasized it. In his twenties he became a verse playwright, was also a lawyer and merchant, and married Elga Wolff, a South African. They have two sons. Ludwig says he did not write a word of prose until he was thirty. His style was first affected by the prose of Bismarck in his letters. He became a journalist and was active as such during the World War, but journalism did not hold him and he turned to novels and biography. His "Napoleon" of 1924 (American edition 1927) made him famous, and he is now known chiefly as a biographer. He regards the historical novel as a very bad medium, false both to romance, on the one hand, and to history on the other. The Ludwigs have lived in Paris, Vienna, and on Lake Maggiore in Switzerland. He and his wife first came to the United States in 1928.

"Cleopatra," by Emil Ludwig, is reviewed on page 7.

Gertrude Stein

Miss Stein has caused as much hubbub in the literary world as James Joyce. People now think of her as rooted in France, but she was born sixty-five years ago in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. When she was one year old, her family took her to Vienna and Paris. Four years later they came back to their native land and settled down on the West coast; Gertrude Stein was brought up in Oakland and San Francisco. She came East to go to Radcliffe. She was ever an omnivorous reader. She relates that William Vaughn Moody, the poet and dramatist, was the first one to take notice of her writing. She was a favorite pupil in psychology of William James. After Radcliffe she went to Johns Hopkins and specialized in brain anatomy. She studied Elizabethan prose in London. She arrived in Paris in 1903 and her first book, "Three Lives," was published six years later. It took her two years to write "The Making of Americans" and twenty to get it published. One of her earliest Parisian friends was Picasso. Her home in Paris boasts many modern paintings.

"Everybody's Autobiography," by Gertrude Stein, is reviewed on page 11.

James M. Cain

Somehow one cannot imagine Mr. Cain ever writing editorials under Walter Lippmann—but this he did on the old New York *World*. Then he tried political dialogues in a weekly column and collected and published them in a book called "Our Government." Later he got a short story with the extraordinary title, "The Baby in the Icebox," into the *American Mercury*, and encouraged by this made the postman ring twice, the first time with an acceptance from Alfred A. Knopf of his well-known novel, the second when it reached Broadway as a play.

Mr. Cain was born in 1892 at Annapolis, Md. He was educated at Washington College in Maryland, his father being president of that institution. As a journalist he then worked on the Baltimore *American* and the Baltimore *Sun*, and Henry Mencken, that old Baltimorean, took him under his wing after the war. During the war Cain was in the A. E. F. and then for a while taught journalism in Annapolis. Lately he has been in Hollywood.

"Serenade," by James M. Cain, is reviewed on page 5.

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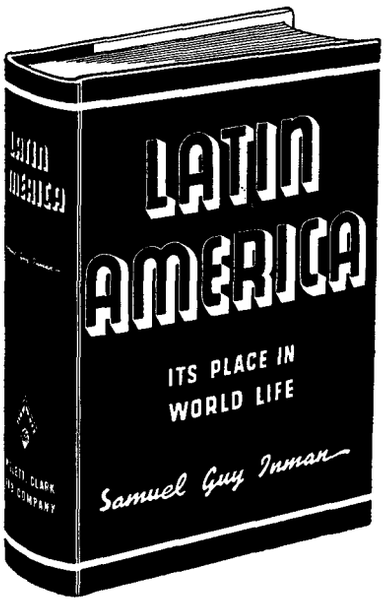
Latin America

IT'S PLACE IN WORLD LIFE

By Samuel Guy Inman



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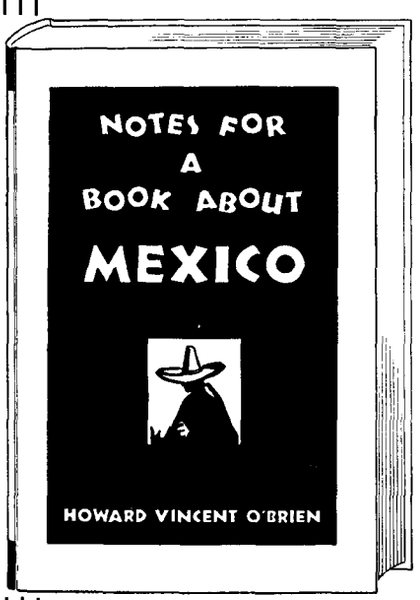

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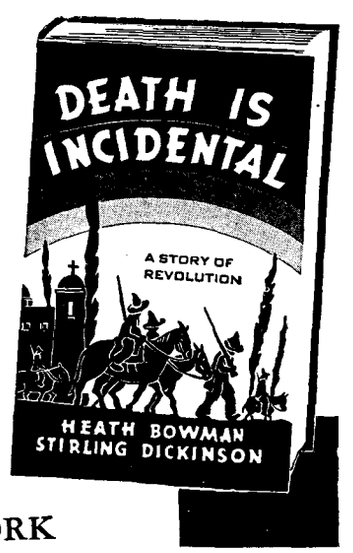

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 54*)

House days. As climax Miss Benét provides a charming account of the Montem Day celebrations at Eton, where according to her the poet did not have such a bad time of it after all. The story as a whole is deftly treated and is commendably accurate in detail as well as generally free from romantic distortions. Without sacrificing expressiveness, the author has been able to keep her style simple; a book such as this should lead any young person who finds the figure of Shelley a sympathetic one to read more about his life, and to look into his poems. Other readers, less well disposed to the poet, may at least gain from the book a good knowledge of English country and school life as it was during the early years of the last century. T. P., Jr.

Music

MUSIC SINCE 1900. By Nicolas Slonimsky. Norton. 1937. $4.75.

It is a pleasure to come upon a volume that was so well worth doing and that has been done so well. The author is a composer, a pianist, a conductor, a linguist, widely-traveled in the countries of the world and in the countries of the mind. His work is a natural outgrowth of intellectual curiosity and practical experience. Upon the encyclopedic treatment of historical detail it brings to bear a passion for accuracy, a gift for the selection of significant events, a conciseness of language and—*mirabile lectu!*—an unobtrusive wit.

The central feature of the survey is the descriptive chronology, which lists, year by year (under day and month) the principal musical events of the twentieth century. Events of special importance are provided with annotations culled from contemporary sources. A documentary division includes illustrative accounts, from authoritative sources, of such pertinent matters as Gregorian chant, music under the regulations of the U.S.S.R., the problems of the twelve-tone scale and unorthodox tonalities, modernism in general. Among these figures personal communications from George Bernard Shaw and Arnold Schoenberg, as well as a highly informative dialogue upon atonality, with the late Alban Berg as chief locutor. The biographical list of twentieth century composers includes more than two thousand names. As a final proof of the author's pursuit of exactness, there are tables in which the standard encyclopedias of music are corrected for a disconcerting number of errors.

"Music Since 1900" properly takes its place at once as a landmark of the new American musical scholarship. There is good reason, indeed, for dispensing with the adjective of nationality. The compendium, unusually readable for such work, will be indispensable as a reference book.

I. G.

Poetry

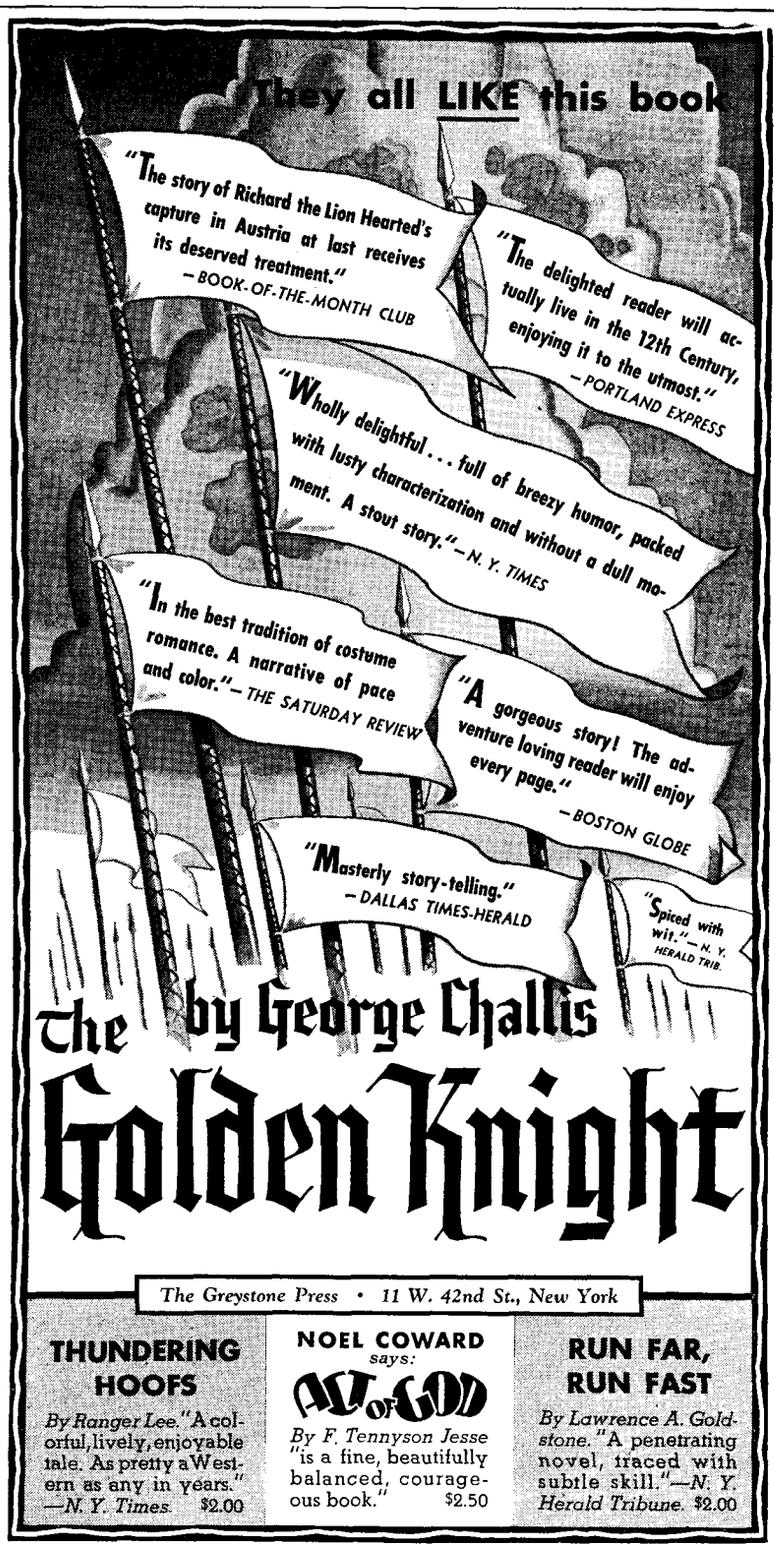
ON MY WAY, Poems. By Marion Canby. Houghton Mifflin. 1937. $2.50.

When myopic eyes are wakeful in the night the shadow-pictures which they see have a fantasy unknown to more distant focus. There is something of this quality to the poems in "On My Way" which "turn to explore the personal brain and fettered heart." The best among the hundred or more poems of the collection display a rhythmic fancy which flashes in bright, fresh phrases. The poorest among them keep the essence of imagery, somewhat consciously expressed, and frequently lost in adjectival obscurity.

The sequence of arrangement attempts to picture the growth of an emotional self. From "Pensive Mind" ("gratefully loving this cool spirit-living") the ego passes "Personal Hill" ("Why am I not in the orchard of my neighbor?") and reaches savage tones in the love lyrics. Among these, "First Gust" is reminiscent of the fateful passion of a Black Widow spider. Small bits of wisdom, as in "Not Consistent," and the passive pain of poems on death like "Sins On My Soul" reward the reader. The long "Poem in Vindication of Life" ending the volume, falls short of its conception but derives poetic authenticity from such lines as:

Hunger and pain nipped at his heels like dogs
Too lean to own a master.

I. R. A. C.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Double-Crostics: No. 193

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

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15-G	■	16-M	17-A	■	18-F	19-U	20-X	21-Q	■	22-C	23-V	24-A	25-M	26-P	■	27-G
28-J	29-H	30-Y	31-M	32-W	33-T	■	34-B	35-W	■	36-U	37-X	38-I	39-R	40-Q	41-G	■
42-V	43-O	■	44-D	45-S	46-C	■	47-B	48-V	49-G	■	50-R	51-X	52-N	53-Y	54-C	55-K
■	56-B	57-V	58-J	■	59-P	60-R	61-N	62-G	■	63-D	64-B	■	65-X	66-K	67-L	68-D
69-C	■	70-A	71-B	72-E	■	73-N	74-J	75-Y	76-G	77-F	■	78-W	79-K	80-F	81-L	■
82-I	83-Z	84-A	85-X	86-V	■	87-I	88-P	89-S	■	90-D	91-Q	92-W	■	93-A	94-G	95-H
96-Y	97-X	98-F	99-Q	■	100-J	101-W	102-O	103-V	104-L	105-Z	■	106-I	107-Z	108-L	109-C	■
110-M	111-S	■	112-W	113-G	114-B	■	115-P	116-F	117-T	118-H	119-C	120-K	■	121-K	122-G	123-E
124-S	■	125-H	126-J	127-K	128-L	129-E	130-Z	■	131-S	132-V	133-M	134-Q	■	135-L	136-E	137-K
■	138-U	139-L	140-R	141-D	142-Z	■	143-M	144-O	■	145-P	146-A	147-W	148-N	■	149-O	150-P
151-P	■	152-T	153-D	154-M	■	155-Z	156-M	157-V	158-Q	159-W	■	160-T	161-U	162-N	163-I	164-H
165-C	■	166-H	167-Z	168-P	169-X	170-N	171-J	■	172-F	173-M	174-K	175-S	176-R	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 34 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Romance by Beckford (1786).

B. Scandinavian heaven of Frey.

C. Rattles.

D. Old Testament "Wisdom" literature (collectively).

E. Head of Bulgarian Church.

F. Thrown slowly.

G. Quality of being petty.

H. So by nature.

I. Retreats.

J. English poet (1840-1921).

K. Former Danish duchy in Prussian province.

L. A Queen of Judah.

M. Hero of the "Return of the Native."

N. Rainy weather saint.

O. Timely warning (comp.).

P. Pollen containers in flowers.

Q. Aramean deity worshiped at Damascus. (Bib.).

R. Instruments of actions or ends.

S. Roved on the wing.

T. Emporiums.

U. Poetic for "over there."

V. Composer of "Pacific 231."

W. Character in "Wuthering Heights."

X. Captured.

Y. Encircle.

Z. Taunted.

WORDS

84 24 70 146 17 93

56 114 64 71 9 34 47

165 46 22 54 119 69 109 14

141 63 153 8 68 44 90

72 2 123 129 10 136

80 98 18 172 116 77

76 94 27 15 113 4 49 122 41 62

164 29 166 125 118 95

82 38 106 163 87

58 74 100 171 28 126

120 3 66 121 137 55 127 79 174

67 135 11 108 81 139 128 104

154 173 110 16 133 25 31 156 143

162 73 52 148 170 13 61

7 102 5 144 43 149

150 26 145 115 88 168 59

158 91 40 99 134 21

60 151 140 39 176 50

111 45 175 6 131 89 124

160 117 12 33 152

161 19 138 36

132 42 57 48 23 103 157 86

159 112 101 35 92 32 147 78

51 20 37 1 65 169 85 97

75 30 53 96

107 155 167 105 142 83 130

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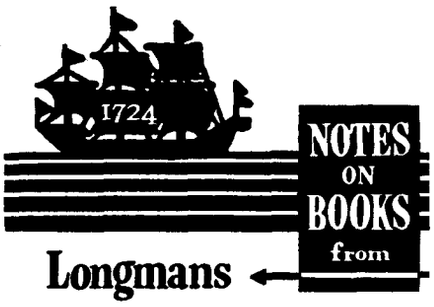

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

AT this season we always try to offer some suggestions a little off the beaten track. ☞If, for instance, you or your friend would be interested to know what's going on in science, get hold of the Catalogue of Publications of the Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C. Whether your curiosity concerns the perspiration of elephants, male or female bread moulds, or the prime numbers from 1 to 10006721, that catalogue will suggest much to think about. ☞E. R. Patterson, 321 Earlington Road, Penfield, Upper Darby, Pa., has invented a band to put round a book when lent, to remind the borrower of its ownership. It bears an excellent quote from Don Rose, Philadelphia columnist: "Science should find some way of crossing a book with a homing pigeon." ☞The fine old Italian Xmas card sold (but only if you insist: they try hard to keep it secret) by the Yale University Press remains Old Q's favorite. ☞Lovers of Dixiana should have a look at the catalogue *The South in Maps* issued by Argosy Book Stores, 114 East 59 St., N. Y. C. Many of the maps go back to earliest exploration (and surmise) in the Southern States. ☞And an interesting little gift for any enthusiast in this field is *The World in Maps* by W. W. Jervis (Oxford Univ. Press, $3) which traces the history of map-making from the beginning, with reprints of the most famous. In this book we were startled to learn that the Geological Survey maps of the U. S., which began in 1879, have not yet covered half the nation. ☞1938, by the way, will be the 400th anniversary of Mercator's first world-map (1538). ☞There is a fine map of South America in spherical perspective in the December issue of *Fortune*.

☞It was exciting to learn that Mitchell Kennerley has returned to his former post as president of the Anderson Galleries (now the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries) this country's most famous auction house of literary and artistic properties. This sounds like a return to the Good Old Times: no one needs to be reminded of the glamorous career of the Galleries under Mr. Kennerley's management during the years 1915-1930 or thereabouts. ☞Sarah B. Ball, conductor of Random House's book-trailer, is driving and selling southward towards Florida. She tells us that her parnassus on wheels is panelled in African mahogany. ☞The second of the Bowker Memorial Lectures on the history and practice of book publishing will be given by Alfred Harcourt in Room 213 of the N. Y. Public Library, December 9, 8:30 p. m. ☞Readers of the fine sea tales by Captain David W. Bone will find in the October issue of *All Aboard*—the little magazine published jointly by two Anchor Line ships, *Transylvania* and *Caledonia*—the Captain's reminiscences of his very first setting out to sea as a young "brassbounder" from Glasgow. ☞In a recent article in the S. R. L. we noticed *Graustark* listed as one of the novels that sold over half a million copies. We had a yen to reread it; even as a boy we realized it was only a brash imitation of Anthony Hope but to realize how deplorably bad it is requires mature scrutiny. Really as tripe it is museum stuff, and a rich lode of unintentional mirth. ☞The photographs of the stage production are among the funniest things we have ever seen. ☞One of our glimpses this autumn that stays with us was a sign displayed outside the Homewood Friends' Meetinghouse in Baltimore. It was so astonishingly true that we paused almost in disbelief. We have taught ourself (reluctantly) to disbelieve almost everything we encounter in public affiches, so imagine our admiring surprise to read this text: *Nations that take up the sword shall perish by the taxes.* ☞If that isn't so, what is?

☞We utter a word of reproach for the extraordinarily vulgar publicity note sent out by Random House concerning one of its authors taken ill in a motorcar. This seemed to us deplorable. Publishers' press matter has gained much in humor and verve in recent years; but surely it needn't be deliberately coarse. ☞We like the cautious announcement of Henry Miller (18 Villa Seurat, Paris XIV) that "à moins une guerre mondiale ou un effondrement général des systèmes monétaires, il éditera, avant le premier mars 1938, le premier tome du journal de Anaïs Nin." ☞The diary of Mlle. Nin, which has been 20 years writing, has now reached its 54th volume in MS; it has been discussed by Henry Miller in a remarkable article in the London *Criterion*. There will be only 250 copies, the price for America is $5. ☞This should be a truly unusual Christmas present for the introspective: we hope someone will read it and tell us about it. ☞The ideal Xmas gift to a Jules Verne zealot would be a subscription (30 francs) to the delightful little quarterly bulletin of the Jules Verne Society (whose treasurer is M. René Terrier, 30 rue Rottembourg, Paris XII. The September issue of the magazine contained an interesting article by Cornélis Helling pointing out the influence of Verne on Conan Doyle, and suggesting that the unnamed police officer in Verne's *Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant* might have been a partial inspiration of the character of Sherlock Holmes. ☞A propos literary trove, the Letters of John Jay Chapman had scarcely been published when there turned up at the Gotham Book Mart a rich parcel of MS letters written by Chapman from Europe when he was a young man just out of college. They were carefully marked, in Chapman's own hand, *Throw Away*, but fortunately they weren't. ☞Our allusions to verse have started Balsam Pilloes at it again. The poem he sends about Magdeburg Hemispheres is a bit too mammal for this column, but we like his *Apologia to Mrs. Pilloes after a Christmas Carouse*:—

Why does Mr. Pilloes cringe
And bind his brow with rue and fennel?
Balsam went out on a binge
And now he's living in the kennel.

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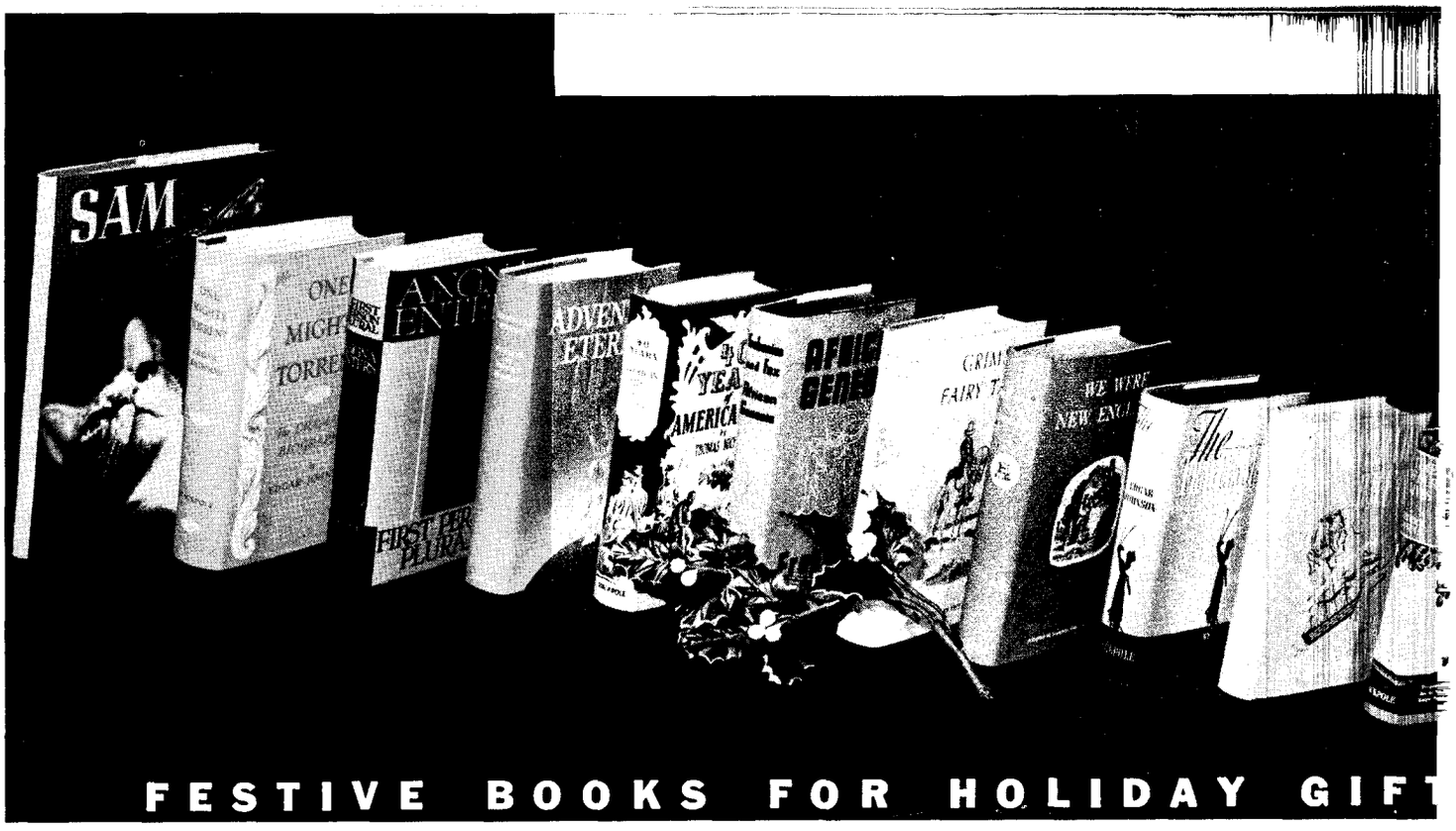

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